

Hard Fighting of Local Nature Taking Place in Numerous Sectors

Especially Severe Around Crevecoeur, Meuvens and the Bourdon Wood-Cavalry Endeavouring to Capture the Wood, Which Would Give General Byng a Commanding Position—Germans Attacking Bitterly—Southeast of Ypres the British Line Has Also Been Taken Slightly Forward—Several German Tanks and Great Many Machine Guns Taken

(By Morning Bulletin Local Wire.)
LONDON, Nov. 23.—While in the main the British troops are consolidating the positions won in the two days battle in the region of Cambrai, considerable hard fighting of a local character is taking place in numerous sectors, where the Germans are endeavoring to drive out the English, the Scottish, the Welsh and Irish contingents, whose drive has placed them virtually upon the threshold of Cambrai.

Especially severe has been the fighting around Crevecoeur, Meuvens and the Bourdon Wood, in the latter of which the British cavalry at last succeeded in capturing the wood, which would give to General Byng a position dominating the entire battlefield. All the ground previously gained by the British has been held, and in addition west of Meuvens, an elevation dominating a large section of the Canal du Nord, and the town of Meuvens, which was in the hands of the Germans, had been captured.

Germans Fighting Bitterly.
The Germans are fighting bitterly to recapture lost terrain and to hold back further incursions by the British. The fighting, however, is apparently confined to the immediate vicinity of the front line, and the British are evidently engaged in consolidating the positions won in the two days battle, and are preparing for another dash forward when the time is opportune.

Between the British and the French, the fighting is steadily increasing. The British are steadily increasing their positions, and the French are steadily increasing theirs. The British are steadily increasing their positions, and the French are steadily increasing theirs.

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VICTORIA EXTENDS WELCOME TO UNITED STATES ARMY, NAVY

Officers Came from Washington State to Attend Victory Loan Banquet

(By Morning Bulletin Local Wire.)
VICTORIA, B.C., Nov. 23.—Victoria today extended a whole-hearted welcome to 110 United States army and navy officers from Washington state, who arrived here for the purpose of attending the Victory Loan Banquet.

The banquet was held at the Victoria Hotel, and was attended by a large number of local dignitaries. The officers were given a tour of the city, and were entertained at a luncheon at the hotel.

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NO SEPARATE PEACE WITH GERMANY

Trotzky Believes Reds Proposal Will Make War Impossible

Official United States Opinion of Bolshevik Proposition

(By Morning Bulletin Local Wire.)
PITTSBURGH, Nov. 23.—In an interview with the Associated Press today, Leon Trotsky, the Bolshevik foreign minister, declared that he believed a separate peace with Germany was impossible.

Trotsky said that the Bolsheviks were not interested in a separate peace with Germany, but in a general peace with all the warring nations.

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MEN OF MILITARY AGE MUST RESPOND HERE OR IN STATES

Order-in-Council Issued Governing Drafting in Canada and America

(By Morning Bulletin Local Wire.)
OTTAWA, Nov. 23.—The problem of Canadian military age in the United States and American military age in Canada is dealt with in an order-in-council which has been issued by the government.

The order-in-council provides that any man of military age who is in the United States or Canada must respond to the draft in his own country.

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EAST EDMONTON LIBERALS OPEN CAMPAIGN WITH ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING

Rousing Demonstration Greeted the Candidate, A. E. Mackay—Norwood School Overflows to Overwhelming—Hon. A. G. Mackay, in Elloquent and Inspiring Address, Establishes Strength of Liberal Policy—A Democratic Program

(By Morning Bulletin Local Wire.)
EAST EDMONTON, Nov. 23.—The Liberal campaign in the East Edmonton riding opened here tonight with a rousing demonstration which greeted the candidate, A. E. Mackay, with a cheering throng.

The demonstration was held at the Norwood School, which was overflowing with people. Mackay made an eloquent and inspiring address, establishing the strength of the Liberal policy and a democratic program.

Mackay said that the Liberal party was the only party that stood for the rights of the people. He said that the Liberal party was the only party that stood for the rights of the people.

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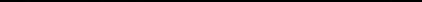
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LAST 4 DAYS--VICTORY SALE

-- THE --
Douglas Co. Ltd.
 ENTIRE
\$50,000 stock

Placed at the Mercy of the Public.

**There's Battalions of Bargains
 and Brigades of Bargains**

Put in the Bargain Trenches that fairly
 scream out their wonderful purchasing power

**to the Thrifty War-Time
 Economist Prices still cut
 deeper for a whirlwind
 finish.**

\$1.50 CALENDARS 98c

The new 1918 Calendars in burnt leather.
 Indian and scenic effects, very suitable and
 useful present to anyone. Regular \$1.50 values.
 Victory Sale
 Price 98c

Every Man's Library

1000 Copies, 738 Titles, Cloth.
 Regular 40c. Out to 29c
 Leather. Regular 75c.
 Out to 49c

"Early Bird" Specials

BE EARLY AND GOOD NATURED
 To the First 10 customers, 10 rolls Toilet Paper
 for 10c
 To the Next 10 customers, 20c Playing Cards
 for 5c
 To the Next 5 customers, choice of any book in the store,
 value up to \$1.25 for 25c
 Get Your Tickets at the Door When Entering for These Bargains
 Saturday 9 a.m.

20c Papeteries 9c

25 Sheets of Note Paper and 25 Envelopes in
 Box. Extra Fine Quality and regular
 20c value. Victory Sale Price 9c

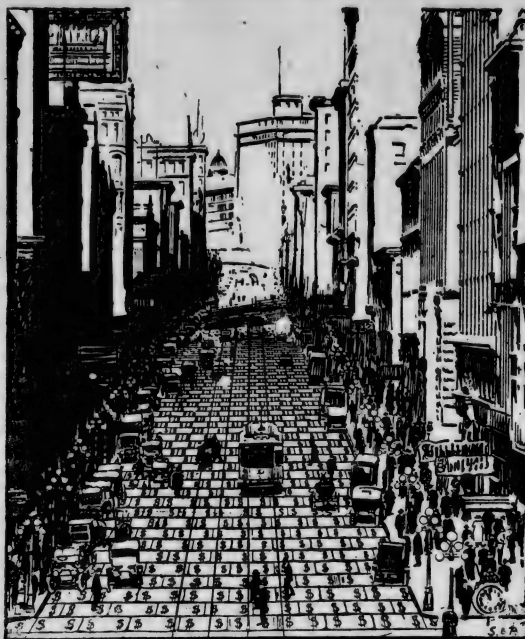
15c Envelopes 8c

Extra Superfine White Envelopes, rolled,
 gummed edge. An exceptional good value at
 15c. VICTORY SALE PRICE 8c

\$1.00--1918 Calendars

The beautifully designed
 "Ye Olde Sampler"
 Calendars. Regular \$1
 values.
 Victory Sale Price:
 79c

Remember
 The Time
 The Place
 and
 The Sale



LOOK AT THIS

With the Savings Made
 by the Purchasers at
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VICTORY SALE IN SIX DAYS

You Could Pave Jasper Ave.
 for Three Blocks with

Dollar Bills

THINK OF IT and BUY NOW
 while the Profits are Yours.

15c Crepe Paper 2c

Not all shades. But a large assortment of
 colors to choose from. Regular 15c value.
 Come early. While it
 Lasts 2c

50c Girls' Books 37c

Girls' Books in the New Bunny Brown
 series and several other popular series.
 Regular 40c value. VICTORY 37c
 SALE PRICE

35c Playing Cards, 19c

High Grade Playing Cards; the
 celebrated Bicycle make, worth
 color 35c

\$3 Table Centre \$1.98

Very rich burnt leather Table Centres in ef-
 fective Indian Designs. Worth to-
 day \$3.25. Victory Sale Price..... \$1.98

50c Boys' Books, 37c

Boys' Books in The Motion Pic-
 ture Series, and The Tom Swift
 series. Regular 40c value.

Victory Sale Price
 37c

\$1.00 Stationary 59c

High Grade Note Paper and
 Envelopes for men, in box.
 Regular \$1.00 value.

Victory Sale
 Price
 59c

\$1 Poker Chips, 54c

Composition Poker Chips, 100 in
 box, guaranteed fast colors.
 Reg. \$1.00 value.

Victory Sale
 Price
 54c

Victory Sale Price
 19c

\$1.50 Re-Prints

2000 of these to select from,
 all by popular authors, stand-
 ard works. Regular up to
 \$1.00 value.

VICTORY SALE PRICE
 59c

65c Files 34c

The Anchor Brand Clip File
 for home or office use. Reg.
 65c value.
 Victory Sale
 Price 34c

40c Crepe Paper 13c

Dennison High Grade Lustre
 Crepe Paper in gold assorted
 dainty shades. A real snap.
 Regular 40c value.
 Victory Sale
 Price 13c

\$1.25 RACKS 73c

Elegantly designed burnt
 leather Pipe and Tie Racks.
 Reg. \$1.25 value.

Victory Sale
 Price 73c

15c Writing Tablet 9c

Very Fine Quality Writing Tablets. Note size.
 Regular 15c value. VICTORY SALE
 PRICE 9c

Irresistible Bargains

\$2.50 Box Carbon Paper, 100
 sheets, cannot be replaced, for \$1.23

The Ottawa Arch Files for
 office or home use, cut to 49c

10c Score Pads for various
 games, cut to 9c

\$1.00 Chromom. Here's a Snap
 cut to 69c

LATEST FICTION

All Copyright Standard Authors.
 Thousands to choose from and re-
 duced to VICTORY 24c
 SALE PRICES

\$1.75 Dictionary \$1.29

Webster's Reliable Dictionary. Thumb Index
 for Home, School or Office. Reg.
 \$1.75 value. Victory Sale Price..... \$1.29

35c TABLETS 23c

High Grade Stock Linen Finish.
 Regular 35c, but worth today 50
 cents. VICTORY 23c
 SALE PRICE

Douglas Company, Ltd.
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THE CANADIAN SELLING SERVICE CO. IN FULL CHARGE.
 WESTERN OFFICE: 101-103 LEADER BUILDING, REGINA, SASK.

Not Some Things

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Article in the

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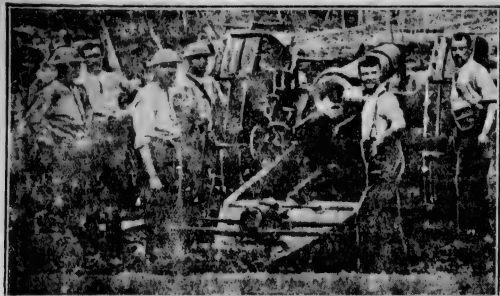
\$1.50 Copyrights

Hundreds of titles to se-
 lect from. All on one
 Big Scramble Table
 Regular up to \$1.50.
 Victory Sale Price

69c

The Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Week's Events

BRITISH GUNS AID THE ITALIANS



This is one of the guns which aided the Italians in the big summer advance. Many such guns and thousands of men have been rushed to help turn the defense of the Tagliamento into an advance.

WALTER RUTT



Winner of three six-day New York bicycle races, was "Fantom" as the dreaded Hun aviator.

New Premier Of France



M. George Clemenceau, who has accepted the task of forming a ministry.

R. A. PRINGLE, K.C.



Named controller for newsprint and bookprint by the government.

Col. Henry Cockshutt



Brantford capitalist, appointed a director of the Bank of Montreal.

BROUGHT DOWN TWENTY-ONE HUNS



Major Alex. M. Wilkinson, British aviator, who has become famous for his daring and skill in the air.

KISSED TWENTY-FIVE INTO NAVY



Miss Marie Antoinette Elliott, a New York society girl, at a recruiting rally offered to kiss all recruits. Twenty-five stepped forward. One man who claimed he could do two men's work, received two kisses.

THE OLDEST AND YOUNGEST OF ACTIVE TRAPSHOOTERS



INDIAN BRIDGE COLLAPSES AT LAST



It was built mainly of wire that was to be used in an overland telegraph line to Russia, and was of great interest to engineers for years.

PRESIDENT POINCARÉ REVIEWS U.S. TROOPS



To the president's right is General Pershing, U.S. commandant at the front. The troops being reviewed have since been in battle.

HUN GENERAL AGAINST ITALY



General Otto von Buelow, who is directing the enemy attack on the Tagliamento river.

WAR SOAP FROM MEAT DRIPPINGS



This is the war work of Mrs. O. O. Vandenberg of Washington, D.C. The drippings of all kinds of meats are saved until six pounds have accumulated. This, with one cup of lye, will make fifteen cakes of hard soap, delightful for the bath, claims the maker, excellent for washing fine fabrics or laces.

MISS MARGARET WILSON



Daughter of President Wilson, who created a sensation in Montreal musical circles recently by her excellent singing.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE BALTIC



This map shows the Skagerrack, where the British defeated ten German war craft recently. It also shows the difficult entrance to the Baltic, with the Danish islands which, as Sir Eric Godfrey pointed out, could be seized by Germany to bottle up our navy if we sent it in through the mine fields of this narrow gap.

COMING TO MONTREAL TO AID VICTORY LOAN CAMPAIGN



The central portion of the German submarine mine layer which was brought to Montreal by the Canada Steamship Lines, Ltd.

An Income For Life--Our Free Christmas Gift

DO NOT PUT OFF MAILING YOUR

Christmas Cards

FOR ACROSS THE WATER
WE SPECIALIZE ON

Private Greeting Cards

Here is the only place in the city where you can have your order filled--printed to your requirements--the day following placing the order.
Greetings this year are with wording particularly adapted to times like these.

Prices \$1.00 Per Dozen and Up.

The Douglas Co. Ltd.

10032 Jasper.

Have our receipts, and cost your estimates for the \$2.50 Free Bungalow.

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES "MADE FOR YOU--NOT MERELY SOLD TO YOU."

LA FLECHE BROS.

Western Canada's Greatest Custom Tailoring House



Children's Xmas Gifts

Do not wait till the article you want has been sold out. Come in and select it now. We will hold it for Christmas delivery.

NO EXTRA CHARGE.

Children's kindergarten tables and chairs, in white, blue, red and golden finishes, three different shapes, and chairs if desired. Prices for table and two chairs, \$1.95 to \$2.95. **BOYS' CARRIAGES**, in all kinds of shapes and sizes. Prices \$2.75 to \$17.50. **HOODIES** for children and infants. Prices \$1.25 to \$3.50.

GRAHAM & REID

Next Selkirk Hotel.

HOME FURNISHERS.

Finlay's Favorite Ranges.



ASH BROTHERS

Jewellers.

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C.P.B. Watch Inspectors.

Issuers of Marriage Licenses.

Bracelet Watches

--A Timepiece as well as an ornament for the wrist.

Solid Gold - \$100.00 to \$100.00

Gold Filled - \$15.00 to \$25.00

Silver with leather straps \$12.00

Gold Filled with straps \$15.00

To order - \$25.00 to \$100.00

FREEDOM CALLS!

ARE YOU DOING YOUR PART?

It is for you to say whether the Loan will be a success or a failure.

The World is Waiting For Your Decision.
CANADA Must Not Fail HER ALLIES.

BUY A VICTORY BOND TODAY

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10170 100th St., Edmonton, Phone 6135

Alberta Coal Has Value In Every Ounce

Don't be caught short of coal! Let us fill your cellar for you.

Remember, our receipt is worth one estimate for every dollar you pay.

Use your phone and let us have your order.

PHONE 6355

The Great Northern Coal

Co., Ltd.

EDMONTON



Free Title to this \$2,500 Bungalow will be the Christmas Gift to one of our readers.

It Will Not Cost the Winner a Cent - Read How To Get It

ON December 24th a FREE Gift will be made of the clear title deeds to this beautiful fire-room bungalow, located at 12610 109th Ave., City, to some patron of the stores advertising on these Special Pages.

The conditions are very simple--Buy your goods from the stores whose advertisements appear on these two special pages--save your bills, and for every \$1.00 spent you will be entitled to one guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container we will place in full view in the front window of The Bulletin Office--On Dec. 24th a committee of Judges, who will be named later, will make a public count of the number of grains of seed wheat in the container and the person guessing the correct number, or the one whose guess is nearest correct, will be awarded this beautiful bungalow without payment of one cent of money. These therefore are the ONLY conditions: FIRST: Patronize the stores advertising on these pages; SECOND: Bring your bills to The Bulletin Office and register your guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container.

THE PRIZE WILL IN NO EVENT BE AWARDED TO AN EMPLOYEE OR DEPENDENT OF THE EMPLOYEE OF THE BULLETIN CO.

The name Humberstone has, since the time Edmonton was Fort Edmonton, stood for high grade coal. It occupies the same position among coals that No. 1 Northern does in the wheat market.

HUMBERSTONE QUALITY IS UNCHANGLED

HUMBERSTONE SERVICE IS UNMATCHED

Prices consistent with quality and service. Remember, you get full value in fuel for every dollar you spend and an opportunity to win the \$2,500 bungalow.

Humberstone Coal Co.

Phones 2248, 1492, 2258 : 9981 Jasper Ave.

It is not too early to think of that Christmas present for your wife--What about?

A HOOSIER

CABINET

Sold on easy payments, and we will deliver when you require.

HOOSIER STORE

H. A. WOOD.

10024 101A Ave.

--A chance to win the \$2,500 prize bungalow with every dollar payment.

PURE MILK CREAM BUTTER & CHEESE FROM THE

WOODLAND DAIRY

Every dollar's worth of milk tickets equals a dollar of saving in the \$2,500 bungalow.

Are YOU a Sufferer From Rheumatism Or Its Kindred Ills?

If So, Try This.



People who have used R. & S. POWDER say that it is the most powerful and effective natural remedy for rheumatism and connective tissue.

We are daily in receipt of letters from sufferers from rheumatism who are grateful for the relief they have had, and we have on our file hundreds of testimonials.

May be obtained at all dealers or sent postpaid by R. & S. Co., Edmonton.

Dealers can obtain it at Hamilton Wholesale, Ltd., Edmonton.

Redeem the R. & S. trade marks on boxes for guesses on the \$2,500 bungalow.

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Redeem the R. & S. trade marks on boxes for guesses on the \$2,500 bungalow.

ARE YOU LUCKY?

IT WAS OUR CUSTOMER WHO WON THE BIG PRIZE LAST YEAR

IT COSTS NO MORE TO BUY

KING COAL

With Mahar Coal Co. Service.

PHONE 1066

Or call and see us at our New office in the Broom Building.

MAHAR COAL CO'Y.

Edmonton's Leading Coal Merchants
Office: Broom Bldg., Jasper and 100th St. Phone 1444.
Wards: 1010 Street and 104th Avenue

See Our Windows For Saturday Special Suit Sale. A line of Belters, at

\$20.00

We give \$50 worth of merchandise to our customer who guesses the correct or nearest the correct number in the Bulletin contest.

ESSERY & CO.

THE MEN'S STORE

10073 Jasper Avenue.

Phone 5495

Announcement!

We wish to announce the arrival of a large stock of Congoleum Rugs, Carpets, Linoleum, Window Shades, etc. This stock was purchased at the old prices, and you need only inspect our well assorted lines to satisfy yourself. Give us a call; it will pay you.

Hutton Furniture & Upholstering Company

Phone 1366.

10090 Jasper Ave.

We do Upholstering, Carpet Cleaning, Furniture Packing and Repairing.

THE SEASON'S LATEST FASHIONS IN

FUR NECESSITIES

Our stock contains many charming designs in Furs and Fur Coats in styles that will dominate this coming season. We would advise an early selection before the cold weather.

WE ALSO SPECIALIZED IN

Furs Made to Order and Furs Remodeled

By Well Experienced Workmen.

Alexander - Hilpert Fur Co. Ltd.

10827 Jasper Ave., between 108th St. and 109th St. Scott Bldg.

Phone 4094

Every dollar spent here gives you a chance to win this beautiful Free Home

There is no better food for growing bodies and active minds than

CAMPBELL'S BREAD

Insure the health of the family by providing it for their every meal.

Order Today - Phone 1444

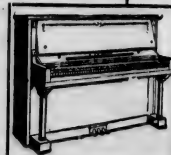
On sale by all the leading grocers in the city.

CHAS. W. CAMPBELL

The Better Bread Maker

Corner of 100th Street and 107th Avenue

Every \$1.00 worth of Bread Tickets gives you a chance to own the \$2,500 Bungalow.



IT IS NOT TOO EARLY TO FIGURE ON THAT CHRISTMAS GIFT.

WHY NOT PUT A MASTER'S PIANO IN YOUR HOME

AND SO HAVE A GIFT THAT WILL GIVE PLEASURE TO THE WHOLE FAMILY--YOU COULD NOT GIVE ANYTHING THAT WOULD BE MORE APPRECIATED.

The Masters Piano Co.

10624 Jasper.

An Income for Life--Our Free Christmas Gift

SERVICEABLE Winter Coats

The styles in this showing will reveal the very latest creations in good serviceable coats at prices more moderate than you could expect to find them.

COME NOW AND SEE THESE:

Tweed Coats	\$15.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00
Velour Coats	\$29.50, \$35.00 and \$39.50
Plush Coats	\$29.50, \$35.00 up to \$65.00

Remember, Every Dollar Gives a Guess on House and Lot.

FORBES-TAYLOR CO.

10514-18 Jasper W.

Ask Any Widow

What She Thinks of Life Insurance.

Ask Any Sincere Man--Yourself For Instance--What HE Thinks. There's really not much difference in your conclusions, or the widow's, is there?

ONLY YOU MIGHT delay too long if you wait at all, to see

W. W. HUTTON, THE SUN LIFE MAN

Phone 2379 and 2380.

Home Electric Light & Power Co.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR
DELCO LIGHT PRODUCTS

Send us a Copy of Your Plans and Let us Estimate on Your Wiring Job.

Ask for illustrated catalogue of
DELCO LIGHT

ELECTRICITY FOR EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE.
10628 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

DON'T Let the Cold Weather Catch You Unprepared

Do in time and purchase one of our splendid, cozy, warm overcoats.

The selection now is large. Select your own style, and leave the rest to us.

BE A TAILORED MAN. The price is very little higher than the ready-made product, and you get absolute satisfaction.

Fall Suitings in Great Variety, at Right Prices, and A HOUSE FOR NOTHING, AT

Robinson Tailoring Co.

BULBS FOR WINTER FLOORMING:

Hyacinths \$1.50 doz., Daffodils 75c doz., Tulips 35c doz.

Our first shipment has just arrived from Holland. The finest quality of bulbs you can secure. We advise buying your bulbs at once owing to the great scarcity.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR PLANTING

Walter Ramsay, Limited

10215 Jasper Ave., or FLOORMING. Phone 52444.



OUR SPECIAL Ladies Wrist Watch

This is a 15 jewel guaranteed watch in fine quality gold filled case, with gold filled bracelet. \$13.75

D. A. KIRKLAND
THE QUALITY JEWELER

UNDERWEAR at Less Than Cost Price
AT

MARTIN'S

War Economy Sale

Don't "Forget Your Guess" on the \$2250 House.
97th Street, at Jasper Avenue. Phone 2031.

BULLETIN

THE above is a cut of the container which has been placed in full view in the windows of The Bulletin office. The letters forming the word "BULLETIN" are made of metal, open faced and covered with glass--they are approximately 8 1/2 inches long, 1 inch wide and 1 1/2 inches deep, and are filled with Northern Alberta wheat.

One estimate is allowed with every dollar purchase from any of the merchants advertising on these pages. Bring your receipt to The Bulletin office and receive your ballot.

SAVINGS IN FURNITURE BUYING

—Our foresight in purchasing heavily in anticipation of a decided advance in prices of everything in Furniture, is enabling us to sell today considerably below the market price.

Your Opportunity to Save and Buy Victory Bonds

BLOWEY-HENRY CO.

ROSSUM'S

The Home of

Home Made Candies

For Suggestions
IN

Xmas Candies

Complete Lines of Canada's finest Chocolates in dainty gift packages for Christmas.

ROSSUM'S

Corner Jasper and 2nd St.



The OWL DRUG Co.
Cut-Rate Druggists
FIRST AND BASSIE STS.
Phone 4118.

Cherryrot Cough Cure

A pleasant, active syrup, which relieves a cough instantly.
Two sizes, 25c and 50c.

Exceeds Almond Cream

Softens and beautifies the skin, dries immediately, leaving a velvety softness. 25c and 50c.

Hill's Cold Breakers

A medicated, chocolate-coated tablet, easy to take, breaks up cold and La Grippe in a few hours. Price per box 25c.

Exceeds Cold Cream

A greasy skin cleanser, cleans out the pores and removes roughness of the skin. Two sizes, 25c and 50c.

Hill's Bland Special

A powerful tonic of Brand's Mass, combined with and improved by the addition of other ingredients, particularly valuable in cases of weakness, nervousness and general debility. 10c pills 50c.

MAJESTY

Across from Hudson's Bay Store.

YOU MISS SEEING A REAL GOOD SHOW IF YOU DO NOT INCLUDE

The Majesty Theatre

IN YOUR AMUSEMENTS.

MOST WISE FOLKS SEE THIS SHOW FIRST, AND THEN THE OTHERS.

IF YOU BURN Pembina Peerless Coal

YOU MAY WIN THE HOUSE AND LOT, IN ANY EVENT YOU KNOW YOU ARE USING THE BEST COAL YOU CAN BUY.

Western Transfer & Storage Ltd.

Phones 5216 and 1631

Unimpeachable Quality

HOBBERLIN'S New Fabrics of unimpeachable quality, are tailored in smart, exclusive styles for men who desire distinctive dress without being faddish.

Hobberlin Clothes are individually cut by master cutters, and tailored with care.

The result is, clothes with a personality, and of recognized superiority.

Suit and Overcoat Values \$22--\$25--\$30--\$35

Made to Measure or Ready-to-Wear

The House of Hobberlin

A. G. CALDER, LIMITED, 10173 101st St.

Remember: You Get a Chance to Win the \$2,250 Free Bungalow With Every Dollar You Spend Here.

Make Your Money Fight--Buy VICTORY Bonds



"CHEVROLET" SALES
and SERVICE STATION
Now Located at

10151 108 Street

Don't Forget That Every Dollar Spent With Us Entitles You to a Guess on the House and Lot.

Nor' West Motors Ltd.

DISTRIBUTORS.

FURS

MADE FROM THE RAW SKINS IN OUR OWN WORK ROOMS.

TRUDEL-Made Furs Have a Distinctive Personality Which Betrays the Hand of an Artist.

Visit Our Factory and Show Rooms. Our Work is its Own Recommendation.

L. TRUDEL

Buyers and Manufacturers of Raw Furs.

Our Receipts Give Our Customers an Opportunity of Winning the \$2,250 Free Bungalow.

10158 100th Street. Phone 2171.

Sommerville's Specials

CASSEROLES, 8 inch. Regular \$2.00. Special \$1.75

CASSEROLES, 7 inch. Regular \$2.50. Special \$1.50

SANI FLUSH--Special 20c

SUIT CASES--Regular \$2.50. Special \$1.75

EKKO Solid Alcohol Cook Stoves, complete with kettle, stand and one can of heat. Regular 50c. Special 25c

The Quality Hardware House

PHONE 6980

BUY

YOU MAKE NO MISTAKE WHEN YOU ORDER

BLACK DIAMOND COAL

VICTORY WAR BONDS

We will accept them as cash for goods selected from our most complete stock of

Quality Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Fine China, Cut Glass, Stationery Etc., Etc.

You get full value with every dollar's worth, and an estimate on the \$2,250 Free Bungalow Contest.

BLACK DIAMOND COAL

PHONE 2424

10026 101-A Avenue

Phone 4736

Jackson Bros.

EDMONTON JEWELLERS

5063 Jasper Ave.

Edmonton. Phone 1747

Marianne Edmonson Jackson

used for cutting patches and for making new articles of clothing, etc. and other materials are used for a boy to get, but all the things made of tin is ready of every boy in the tree, fruit, varnish, socks

Women's Allover Aprons 39c

150 Aprons made of strong quality print in striped patterns; cut large and roomy, with belt across the back. Sizes 36 to 42. Regular 75c. Saturday 39c
No Phone Orders, and 3 only to a customer.

Store Closes at 5:30—Saturday at 3 p.m.

SATURDAY STORE NEWS

Drugs and Stationery Specials

100 Nuxated Iron 60c
Special 60c
Pillsbury's Vegetable Compound 70c
Special 25c
Pillsbury's Vegetable Compound 25c
Special 55c
Lysol's Hot Water Bottle, maroon, black, trimmed, \$1.15 value. With 12 months guarantee. Very \$1.25
Paperette Value to the House 25c
One-pound package of Clorox 55c
Lysol's Hot Water Bottle, the two 55c

Phone Private Exchange 8311

At Ramsey's Saturday--The Values Are Worth of Your Attention!



Ladies, It's Seldom You Buy Such Good Coats at \$19.75

You will find every Coat warm and stylish. Made from heavy Cheviot Velours and Tweeds in many shades. The styles are this season's very latest. Among the most popular are the large convertible collars. Some are fashioned with belts and raglan shoulder; others in the plainer styles. All sizes up to 44. Values to \$30.00. Saturday \$19.75

Sale of Waists 95c

Values to \$1.95, Saturday—
The pretty styles and the excellent materials—voiles, piques and vestings—make these Waists remarkable value. You owe it yourself to get several of them for "every-day wear." Trimmings are of lace, hemstitching and floral embroidery. 150 Waists to be sold. All sizes.

Medium Weight Combinations

Women's medium weight fine ribbed Combinations; high neck and long sleeves, or low neck and short sleeves, ankle length. Sizes 34 to 40. Special, Saturday 95c

\$1.50 Silk Camisoles 95c

Good quality Silk Camisoles, with lace yoke all around, and wide lace shoulder straps. Sizes 34 to 40. \$1.50 values, Saturday 95c

Dainty Boudoir Caps 39c

Dainty Net Boudoir Cap, trimmed with satin ribbon, in assorted colors. Special 39c

Grocery Bulletin

MEAT: Ham, 24lb. pack \$1.45
PORK: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Bacon: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Lard: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Butter: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Eggs: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Milk: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Cheese: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Fruit: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Vegetables: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Soups: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Meat: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Fish: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Beans: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Tomatoes: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Apples: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Peaches: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Pineapples: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Mangoes: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Apricots: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Plums: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Cherries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Raspberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Strawberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Blueberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Blackberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Elderberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Currants: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Gooseberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Mulberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Huckleberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Boysenberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Elderberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Currants: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Gooseberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Mulberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Huckleberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18
Canned Boysenberries: 24lb. pack \$1.18

Coon Coats

Men! Buy now and Secure Better Values Than Later in the Season
Priced at \$175.00, \$200.00, \$225.00 and \$240.00

We would have to pay these prices today to the manufacturers for most of these lines. Coats made from strictly natural skins, well furled and perfectly matched. Very roomy fitting, full skirts and some in extra length. When you see these Coats you will be easily convinced of their remarkable values. Priced according to quality \$175.00 to \$240.00.

Men's Chinchilla Overcoats in Pinchbeck Models at \$27.50

Stylish and comfortable Overcoats in perfect Pinchbeck models. Navy and grey chinchilla. Double breasted, pinchbeck models with shawl collar; splendidly tailored. Chinchilla skins in correct length. Our Coats have a distinctive appearance and warm and comfortable. Priced \$27.50

Beaver Coats, Natural or Plucked, at \$300.00

Seldom you see a Beaver Coat with such evenly matched outer work and such heavy furled skins. A perfect coat of handsome appearance. Priced \$300.00

Unplucked Heavy Beaver Coats, quality at \$300.00

Unplucked Heavy Beaver Coats, quality at \$300.00

Men's Xmas Neckwear Handsome Patterns

Our new range of Xmas Neckwear includes the most beautiful patterns have ever shown. Hundreds of color combinations. In stripes, solids, also the quarter patterns or plain colors in the popular shades. Don't fail to see our exhibit and make an early choice. Priced \$1.00

The Sign Post of Economy Points to the Basement

Electric Light Shades
Readily changed. Perfectly color and design; constructed with thin shades. Clearing at special 50c, 20c and 25c

Cedar Wax Special

Cedar Wax Polish has proven its superior merits, and will give every satisfaction. Large Bottles: Reg. 50c Special 35c
Small Bottles: Reg. 25c Special 15c

SHOT SHELLS

Here's your opportunity to put in a stock for your merry, and will give every satisfaction. Sovereign, 12 gauge, per box 90c
Hemington, 12 gauge, per box 90c
Canuck, 12 gauge, per box 1.00
Regal, 12 gauge, per box 1.00
Nitro Club, 12 gauge, per box 1.00

Four Specials for Children

To \$4.75 Children's Coats \$2.69

SIZES 6 MONTHS TO 5 YEARS--The Little Girl will look cute in one of these Corded Velvet Coats. You can choose from brown, navy, tan and open. Neatly trimmed with silk braid, and fancy collar and cuffs. All six different styles in cozy white and bear cloth coats. On sale Saturday \$2.69

Children's Coats of Cotton Velour at \$3.95

A soft warm material in checks and stripes, the collars and cuffs are of velvet cord. Special \$3.95

Girls' Stylish Winter Coats at \$9.50

SIZES 6 TO 14 YEARS--Pure wool tweeds in several good styles, nearly all have the larger collars lined throughout with warm astrakhan. Special \$9.50

Children's Blanket Cloth Kimonos, \$2.25

In 20 different patterns and styles, many are daintily embroidered. A cozy Kimono for the cold days. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Special \$2.25

CIGAR COUNTER SPECIALS

TOBACCO IN 1/2 LB. TIN--Old Cuban, Royal Mint, T. A. B. Seaton, Orisoco, and Ramsey's Special 60c
Per 1/2 lb. tin

CHERRY IN BOXES OF 25 FOR \$1.25--Van Lee Loos, La. Havana, London, Coyo Club House and Major Jene Junior

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Notable Sale of Women's DRESSES

Regular Values up to \$30, Saturday Special \$21.95

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Regular Values up to \$30, Saturday Special \$21.95



Unrivaled Values

Towels and Sheets Ramsey Priced

WHITE TURKISH TOWELS of thick terry cloth. These towels are extra good buying; hemmed ends; size 21x42". 100 pairs on sale Saturday. Regularly 75c for 59c

WHITE COTTON RIB TURKISH TOWELS of a splendid weight terry cloth that will give best satisfaction; have hemmed ends; size 21x42". Saturday, per pair \$1.00

WHITE TURKISH TOWELS of the better class. Very closely woven, and have very thick pile; a delightful towel for bath-room; finished with hemmed ends, and have very pretty 8-inch lace border. Saturday, per pair \$1.50

EXTRA LARGE EMBROIDERED SHEETS of close firm construction, and very even weave, a scarce thing today with all stores. 26x36 inches. Saturday, per pair \$3.50

PLAIN WEAVE BED SHEETS--The kind that gives the best service. Full size, 81x90 inches. Saturday, per pair \$3.00

LARGE DOUBLE BED SHEETS--Constructed from hard twisted cotton yarn. These sheets will give the utmost satisfaction, and are extra good buying; size six 30 inches. Saturday, per pair \$3.50

Women's Pure Wool 60c Black Cashmere Hosiery 3 Pairs for \$1.00

Very Rare These Days, But on Saturday an Actual Fact

200 pairs in the lot, all knit full fashioned and seamless, with reinforced heels, toes and double toes. Don't miss your last opportunity to secure a winter's supply of fine Cashmere Hosiery. Here early as the 200 pairs will not last till noon. Values to 60c. Sale price: 3 Pairs for \$1.00

Perrin's Fine French Kid Gloves

FULLY GUARANTEED--We are fortunate enough to be able to guarantee that we are now showing a full range of Perrin's Celebrated Fine French Kid Gloves. Every pair bears a guarantee, which assures you of entire satisfaction. All sizes in black, white and colors at \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$2.75. Saturday \$2.75 Pair

Baby Doll Ribbed Cashmere Hose

A nest fitting 1-1 rib hose, extra long, reinforced at all points of hard wear; size 4 1/2, in cream and black. 2 pairs \$1.00

Burnt Leather Novelties Special at 35c

These pieces of Burnt Leather are useful and particularly suitable for mailing purposes. The assortment includes: Snapshooter, Alibi, the Backs, Pin Cushions in assorted shapes, Hat Pin Holders, Hair Pin Holders, Pin Cushion Hangers, etc. Special, each 35c

Women's Shoe Special!

Gun Metal Half Lace Boots with white Nubbin soles and rubber heels; has 2-inch top, white fexed; medium rounded toe; with latching up; (too) your well-worn socks. Size 3 to 7. Regular 9.00. Saturday \$7.65

Women's Novelty Shoes

Queen Quality. Made of choice washed champagne kid and all the best of the kind. 6-inch tops, lace style; exceptionally elegant foot-wear. All sizes and widths. Special \$10.00

Children's Lined Shoes

These warm shoes will be scarce later in the season--buy now! Kill lace boots, with tan, gray or black cloth tops; gray felt trimmed and leather soles and heels. Sizes 3 to 7. Special \$1.00

Rousing Sale of Zephyr Wool

Regular 15c Skein Sale Price : : 10c

Four and eight fold, suitable for making slippers, sweaters, children's garments, etc. We have just received a large shipment of this wool which is long overdue, making our stock in this line heavier than we desire. Consequently, for one day only we will put on this remarkable sale. The lot includes all the most popular shades, such as pale pink, pink, dark pink, coral, white, black, pale blue, azure blue, royal blue, marine blue, navy blue, yellow, gold, burnt orange, tan, brown, dark brown, seal brown, scarlet, cardinal, red, maroon, bright rose, lavender, purple, greys, etc.

27in. Baby Embroidery Per Yard 48c

A made-up Baby Dress would be most appreciated as a Christmas Gift. Make it yourself and take advantage of this Saturday special. The patterns in this lot were chosen by us as being particularly suitable for infants' dress. They are very fine and neat, with neatly worked edges. A large range of designs awaits your approval Saturday. Special, per yard 48c

To \$15.00 Trimmed Hats Saturday

Imported pattern and model hats and copies made by our own clever milliners. Made of Lyons' silk velvet, panne velvet, and corded silk and French felt, combined with velvet in the season's newest shapes. The handsome trimmings of novelty bandeaux, ostrich monies, burnt goods, ribbons and applique effects add the final touch, which brands every hat as exclusive. eminently fashionable and unmistakable value \$9.50

To \$7.50 Trimmed Hats \$3.95

40 Hats--Saltons, turbans, droops and flares, made of silk velvet and velvet-trimmed, with serge, quille, ostrich, ribbon and ornaments. Values to \$7.50. Saturday Price \$3.95

To \$6.50 Untrimmed Shapes, \$1.50

Silk velvet and hatters' plush hats, serge saltons, flares, turbans, monies, and matron's hats. Values to \$6.50. Saturday Price \$1.50

Men's Dressy Gloves in Big Variety

Perrin Gloves in grey or tan suedes, unlined, silk lined or warmly lined with wool, also tan Cash Suede unlined, silk lined or wool lined; perfect in fit and finish. Every pair is guaranteed to give satisfaction. You will find it profitable to choose your Gloves at Ramsey's. Priced \$1.80, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50

Men's Wolsey Underwear

The most satisfactory brand of Men's Underwear on the market today. Knit from pure Australian wool, thoroughly shrunken. A written guarantee goes with every garment. Combinations or separate garments. All sizes 34 to 50. Priced according to size. Shirts and Drawers, per garment \$3.25, \$3.50 and \$3.75
Combinations, per suit \$6.50, \$7.00 and \$7.50

Boys' Heavy Wool Shirts and Drawers

In elastic rib knit, of soft warm wool yarn, strong durable Boys' Underwear that stands the hardest wear: perfect fitting. All sizes 20 to 32. Priced according to size. 29 to 34 75c 34 to 36 90c

Men's Shoes for Less

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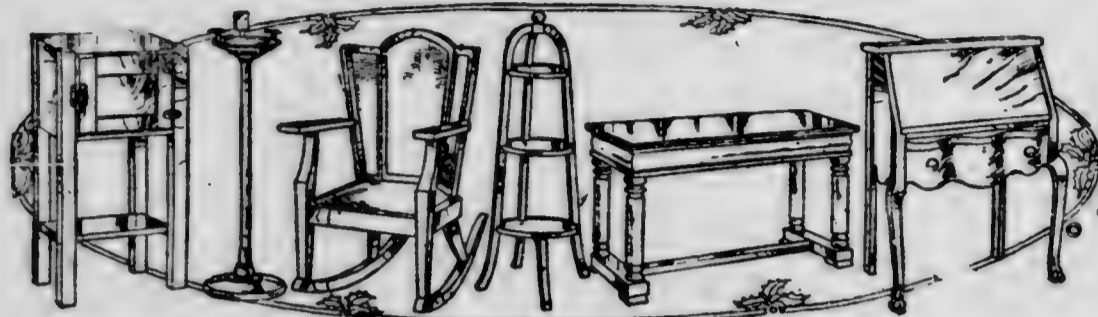
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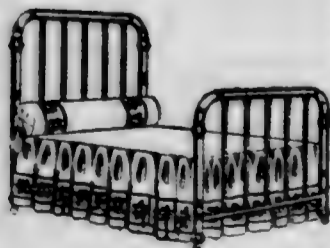
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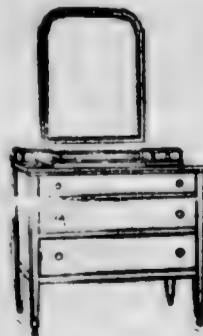
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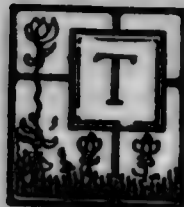
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THE GIRL WHO WAS LONELY

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John



HE moon shone up in the heavens on a gorgeous spring night; little breezes made the air sweet, and I sat up in my room alone.

I'd left the dining-room an hour before and in my

little room had tried to put my mind on a book I wanted to finish. But I had drawn my chair near the window, so I could see the smiling moon, and its beauty, its perfection, made me want beauty and perfection in my own life.

Why couldn't I meet men—the one

For beauty and perfection meant companionship and growth to me, and companionship meant the one I might love.

Oh, there had been one or two men back in my home town, two in this big city. I had met them at parties, they had called once or twice, but interest on both sides had waned, died. I'd heard myself speak of as an interesting girl. One man in the law office where I worked, a new clerk, had referred to my eyes as "dark wells of beauty." I heard him, and I didn't raise those dark wells of beauty, even though I knew he meant me to overhear his confidence. The new clerk was that dreadful creature, a male flirt, and he lasted with our senior lawyer about a fortnight. So his opinion didn't matter.

I went to my mirror and studied my reflection. A bit serious looking, perhaps. Don't men like serious girls? My hair, dark and thick, rose from a forehead lined a little from frowning over law testimony, briefs, and other deadly routines; my eyes, dark, long-lashed, stared back at me with a wistful depth in their questioning. My lips, not classic in shape, still were warm and friendly in their full contour.

I was as good looking as the average girl, and as modest. Yet for some time I had been seeking: I was tired of working in an office; I wanted a home of my own. I had entered every avenue of social life (to which a girl alone might gain admittance) in order to meet decent, interesting men. I had joined a woman's lodge at the solicitation of a girl in my office, who told me there were entertainments, card parties every week where men and women met. But nothing had come of this venture. I had joined a dancing club, but the men were very uninterestingly awkward, embarrassed most of the time because they couldn't keep from stepping on their partners' feet.

So here I was at 24 domiciled in a second-rate boarding-house, spending my evenings alone, except when a girl friend and I went to the movies or danced together in her room to the moving strains of a \$10 phonograph.

I WANTED a lover, a real man with whom I could walk out this spring night and with whom I could talk of a beautiful future, a brave future down which we both could tread heads up, eyes fixed on the stars.

At this open wish a torrent of precepts leaped in my memory. They seemed to fill the room like live things, words, words, words! My mother's face grew before me, too; my father's, even the little grandmother who had a hand in molding me. It seemed now that most of the precepts had to do with a girl keeping men at arm's length till the right one appeared. I smiled a little.

For five years I had worked in the big city, and had had no occasion to keep men at arm's length, so few had I met. I hadn't approached a romance, and still every time I went home to visit mother she repeated her warnings, chiefly regarding the man-dangers a lonely girl faced in a great city.

But I used to smile as I grew more sophisticated and sometimes daringly

How many girls at the age of twenty-four find themselves in this girl's situation? A story that is well worth the reading

wished that I could meet some of the dangers mother warned me about. She would have had me believe that the ogre man was waiting behind every building to pounce out at me.

I used to return to my boarding-house from these visits almost ashamed, as though I had deliberately lied to my mother.

Well, I faced the plain truth that night in my little back room that I seemed unable to meet any eligible man; that I didn't know how to go about meeting him. And I faced also the bare truth that I was hungry for life and everything that life could give—love, marriage, children, everything a woman yearns for; yes, even the modern woman, who talks so learnedly of self-expression and a career.

I thought suddenly of a girl in our office. She had worked there for ten years, was extremely efficient, was earning \$35 a week. She went to a little country place for her vacation every summer, and one autumn she returned wearing a tiny diamond ring. She was engaged!

SHE took on youth; she actually bloomed. She even had the effrontery to talk of romance, and never knowing when a girl might meet romance. I may effrontery because one day she took me into her confidence and told me about her love affair. The man she was to marry was a farmer, having a little farm in the place she had visited. One night it so happened that he and she walked together across a moonlit field. She had sat upon a stile, and in a moment of courage he had kissed her. She spoke quickly:

"You know what it means when a man kisses a girl?" she asked him.

And the poor man admitted that he did.

But that's how she came to wear the pitiful little diamond ring. When she told me the story she thought she was talking romance. But I couldn't see it. I knew only she wanted love as greatly as I did.

She didn't invite any of us to the wedding, but some one told me of the shrinking, half-frightened bridegroom. I felt as sorry for him, but perhaps the girl made him a very good wife—a competent one, at least.

But surely, surely, I thought, looking up into the dark heavens, there must be some fine, honorable method that might bring about meetings between men and women. And at the moment some one knocked at my door. I blinked once or twice, as though returning from some foreign land to familiar quarters, and called out:

"Come in!"

The door opened and there entered the attractive little married woman who had the front suite on my floor. She advanced in her charming manner and in a sort of pretty confusion said:

"Oh, Miss Gregory, will you help me arrange this wretched bow?"

I went to her and performed the service she asked. She was soft and sweet, very delectable, very appealing. I knew that her husband, a tall, rather peevish looking man, worshiped her, and, as was common talk in the house, was jealous of her.

She stood regarding me, contemplatively, I thought, for a moment when I had finished with the bow. Her eyes were light brown, with deeper sparkles of topaz in them. She seemed all sparkle to me, for all her little appealing ways.

"Why are you staying in on such a beautiful night?" she asked.

"I thought I'd read," I answered, trying to speak nonchalantly.

"Well," she said, "we're just starting out for a gay time. Come along with us. I'll introduce you to an unusual young man."

She saw my hesitation, because I didn't want any patronage. But she saw, too, that I wanted awfully to accept her invitation.

"Put on a fresh blouse," she said; "that cream colored crepe you wore the other night at dinner. You won't belong, will you?"

"No," I said; "I'll hurry."

My hands trembled as I went about dressing, trembled because I felt with a kind of solemn superstition that one method of finding my hopes fulfilled had been shown me. Mrs. Boothby, the little married woman, was the one who held the torch. It seemed a wholly reasonable and normal solution.

Just as I was fastening a little brooch at my neck Mrs. Boothby called from outside the door. I went quickly to her. "Mr. Boothby was getting impatient," she told me, "so I thought I'd hurry you a little." She looked me over with keen scrutiny as we stood together in the hall, and I felt very simple beside her in her clever hat and cape coat. But, "You look very nice," she said, which statement relieved me.

I went back into my room, put on my hat and coat, and, as Mrs. Boothby suggested, went to her rooms. I had been in them once before to give Mrs. Boothby a telephone message, and they struck me afresh as very artistic. The shades were drawn, shutting out the glorious light, but lights from various colored lamps fell on heaped-up silken cushions, wide couches and small tables holding flowers and plants. In the smaller room the furniture was gayly caparisoned in peacock chintz. It was a suite a little out of keeping with the tone of the second-rate boarding-house.

BUT Mrs. Boothby had much of her own way with our landlady; many more privileges than she would have obtained anywhere else. Perhaps that is why she was content to stay.

As we entered Mr. Boothby came toward us out of the smaller bedroom. He looked sullen but still very handsome. He said "How do you do?" to me very politely, but his eyes were all for his wife.

"Where's Jack?" she asked at once.

"Downstairs fiddling about a taxi," he answered. "I'll go down and see. Follow in about ten minutes."

Mrs. Boothby turned quickly to me. "Do be nice to my husband," she begged; "he's blue tonight. And he admires you."

I nodded, because I didn't know what to say.

She continued: "I'm so glad you were free, so as to balance our party; and if you enjoy tonight, promise me that you'll go out with us often."

"I'll go whenever I can," I said, and my heart sang a little song.

We went downstairs. In front of the house stood a taxicab, and near the open door a young man leaned, smoking a cigaret. He flung the cigaret away as we approached and in a moment we were all in the taxi and were being driven away.

Mrs. Boothby introduced me to Jack Dysart. I couldn't see him very well in the dimness of the taxi, but I liked his voice. It was vibrant and he had a boyish little laugh that rang out often, despite Mr. Boothby's continued silence.

We were going to some popular restaurant, it seemed, and I sat in my corner almost bewildered by my good fortune. I'd been so miserable the first part of the evening, and here destiny, in the shape of friendly little Mrs. Boothby, had stepped in and opened a new door to me.

When we were all seated at a little table in the restaurant I took my first chance for an inventory of Jack Dysart. He was about 30, with candid blue eyes and a sensitive, boyish mouth. His hair was brushed straight back from a good forehead, but I felt that he had always been rather at the mercy of his own easy nature.

He was very courteous to me, but I sensed as the evening wore on that he was a bit embarrassed by Mr. Boothby's continued surliness.

MRS. BOOTHBY, in contrast to her husband, was brimming over with good fellowship. Under her very becoming hat her eyes danced merrily. She seemed not to notice that her husband was displeased about something, except once or twice to urge me to be very nice to her "big, naughty boy."

I tried to interest him, though I was uncomfortable with him. But I watched Mrs. Boothby admiringly. When she lifted her eyes to Jack Dysart's there was light and meaning in them; their expression changed miraculously when they rested on her husband. She was all subtlety; really an artist.

It came in a flash to me, my trouble. Watching Mrs. Boothby gave me my diagnosis. I was without art in life. I might be averagely pretty, but mere prettiness was not a lever for a woman. Passion I might have, deep down; it did not show in arched brows or flashing glances; subtlety might be latent, it did not come up through the crust of practicality I had built into myself.

But add to prettiness finished artistry and you had a winning combination. It was an enlightening moment to me, and in its inspiration I turned to Jack Dysart. He was not talking to Mrs. Boothby at the moment. She was leaning across the table trying to enliven her husband.

"Do you like to see women smoke?" I asked the young man.

He looked his surprise at me. "I haven't ever thought of it," he said, throwing a look at the next table, where two girls sat smoking with their escorts. "If a woman wants to smoke, that's all there's to it, isn't that true?"

"I don't like the practice," I said.

"What's the difference between smoking and drinking?" He looked meaningfully at my little glass of Virginia Dare wine.

I flushed. Then deliberately I let my eyes look into his, a long glance; such a look as tried to tell him that there was much of interest beneath my unspectacular exterior.

He said quickly:

"Do you dance?"

"A little," I answered.

"Would you care to chance me?" His wide, ingenuous eyes were full of mine, his lips were curved in a smile.

"I'll chance a dance with you," I said.

I rose and with a word to Mrs. Boothby walked away with Jack Dysart close beside me.

He put his arm about me and we fell into step. I was glad of those hours my girl friend and I had spent in her room trying out new steps to the measure of her little, cheap phonograph. But any amateur could have danced with her partner.

In the music stopped, we stopped, and when the encore commenced we

A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS

Great Singers Possess Mastery of Third Power

(By Edmund J. Meyer)

The "Third Power" in the singing voice is the most compelling, the most convincing, the most fascinating of all the forces with which Nature has so lavishly endowed the great singer. All singers are blessed with more or less of this power. That but few understand it, develop it, and use it is evinced by the fact that we have many more physical and mental singers than emotional. The "third power" is beyond question for the properly and scientifically trained singer Nature's greatest gift. In order to understand fully just what we mean by the "third power" we will have to consider some of the other forces which must be studied and mastered before the "third power" can be made as effective as Nature intended it to be.

In the properly trained singing voice there are constantly in use two physical forces, the motor power, or driving force, and the controlling, or resisting force. The motor or driving force consists of four sets of muscles, the diaphragm, the abdominal muscles, the intercostal muscles, and the dorsal muscles. These muscles all have their work to do in the use of the singing voice. They cannot be considered separately or locally influenced, as is the prevailing custom, but they must be made to do team work. There is only one way in which this is possible, and that is through a movement, a movement, a movement that brings into action these four sets of muscles all freely and spontaneously, a movement which in time makes their use absolutely automatic at the very thought of singing.

The controlling force lies in the chest, the muscles of the upper part of the back, and in the approximated breath bands, commonly known as the "false vocal chords." The breath bands approximate and control the breath only when the organ of sound, the larynx, is in proper adjustment, or in a singing position. Right here let me remark that all artistic form and adjustment is, and must be, automatic, and never directly or locally influenced. All vocal students, we find, are stronger to begin with, in the drive than in the control. This is naturally so, due to many causes which we have not the time or space to enumerate. A correct training or development of the singer, then, from the physical standpoint, lies in strengthening the controlling force to a point where it equals the driving force. This cannot be done by any direct or local effort, yet these two forces must be equalized before true conditions of tone can be developed.

Calls for "Movement."

Artistic tone is the result of certain conditions that are in Nature. These conditions are the result only of correct form and adjustment, the form of the resonant cavities, and the adjustment of the parts, especially the organ of sound itself. All teachers know this to a certain extent, but the mistake of many lies in the attempt to secure correct form and adjustment locally or by local influence; an impossible condition, as far as artistic voice use is concerned. Form and adjustment to be right and artistic must be automatic, and there is only one way in the world to secure or develop automatic form and adjustment in the singing voice, and that is through movement, a movement which brings into action equally the driving power and the controlling force. This movement is the result of thought, feeling and flexible action. It is a definite and scientific principle that does for the singer that which no conscious local effort can ever do. Lack of action in the singer, or a static condition, which is the prevailing condition in the vocal world, causes or compels conscious local effort, and conscious local effort defeats artistic tone.

In order to be able to develop and use the third power freely and fully, we find that the two physical forces must be developed and equalized through movement, the voice must be absolutely free and released, and the control automatic. The most direct and definite way to release all local effort and control is through the study of tone color. The third power of the singer is the developed emotional power, the inner, the higher nature, the real singer. It is not merely temperament. It is something far greater than temperament. It is the real singing nature, so developed that it enables the singer to give expression to every color, sensation, emotion and feeling. It is the only power which the fully developed artist knows when before the public. It is the power that gives the voice variety of form and expression and many fascinations. It is the power that goes out to the audience and captivates and controls. How few singers ever fully understand and use this great power! The great majority of singers are physical singers because their attempted control is local. There are many mental singers who are technically and musically correct, who have great voices, but never get quite to the top.

The few great singers of the world come from that class who know, understand and feel the wonderful influence of the third power, and whose technical training enables them to use it. It is the technical training that gives the singer absolutely automatic breath control through the balance or equalization of the two physical forces which gives the voice freedom and spontaneity. Then and then only is it possible for the singer to express himself fully through the medium of body, mind and soul.

OBSERVE FESTIVAL OF ST. CECILIA

For many centuries St. Cecilia has been worshipped as the patroness of music and musicians, and the festival which falls on the 22nd of November will be generally celebrated today by musicians of the Catholic faith. In Rome and many other Italian cities there are famous churches dedicated to St. Cecilia, and in these sacred edifices the feast is observed with elaborate religious and musical ceremonies.

Cecilia was a Roman woman of high descent, born about the middle of the second century. She was gifted with a marvelous voice, and when she sang, tradition relates, angels from heaven came down to listen. Cecilia was compelled by her parents to marry Valerian, a noble youth, but she remained firm in her view to consecrate herself only to God. To her husband she said, while the marriage hymn was still ringing in their ears: "Flesh be my heart and undefiled my flesh; for I have a spouse you know not of—an angel of the Lord." She converted her husband to her faith, and both soon suffered martyrdom. The death appointed for the sweet-voiced singer was suffocation, but that method failed. Tradition relates that Cecilia was then taken forth to the executioner, who struck her three terrible blows with his sword, but that she lingered through two days and nights of agony, and died, as she had lived, singing in a voice that was "the most beautiful that ever charmed human ears."

That she lingered through two days and nights of agony, and died, as she had lived, singing in a voice that was "the most beautiful that ever charmed human ears."

The first English organization for the performance of sacred music, instituted in London in 1785, was named the Cecilian Society, in honor of the saint, and many famous prima donnas and opera singers today consider Cecilia their patroness, and seek her intercession in times of trouble.

"TOO MUCH PIANO THUMPING GOING ON" SAYS HUNTER WELSH

Hunter Welsh, the American pianist, besides filling the orchestral and solo engagements planned by the Philadelphia Musical Bureau, will be heard in a series of lecture-recitals, "Masterpieces of the Pianoforte," in colleges and educational institutions throughout the country.

One has excellent opportunity of studying his audiences during the course of concertizing," said Mr. Welsh last week. "There is the audience that expects an abundance of emotion and snap to permeate the virtuoso's works; they are sympathetic or warm. Next appears a body of listeners who anticipate finding a state of mental perfection to be revealed by the interpreter; since such mastery is beyond attainment, a number of people looking for the realization of it are invariably cold. Finally, we have groups who desire to be startled by technical brilliancy; the degree of outward appreciation unfolds by themselves, therefore, in direct ratio to the amount of the astonishment aroused."

"There is entirely too much piano thumping and too little music going on," continued Mr. Welsh. "In other words, a deal of hand practice with a minimum of brain exercise is the order of the day. Short and easy compositions well presented are inestimably more praise-worthy and charming than a Bach fugue played with a

NOTES On and Off the Line

Percy Grainger won notable success as soloist at the recent Maine Festival and also at the Worcester Festival, where his "Marching Song of Democracy" for chorus and orchestra was produced. The composer-pianist was presented with three wreaths. At the Maine Festival in Bangor he got six wreaths after his conducting of his "March March" for string orchestra. The work had to be repeated there and also in Bangor at the festival. A second performance of his "Marching Song of Democracy" was given at the Bangor festival, and it was the first time it had been given in the United States. The work was given by the Bangor Philharmonic, which is a new organization.

The Bangor Philharmonic gave a performance of the "Marching Song of Democracy" at the Bangor festival, and it was the first time it had been given in the United States. The work was given by the Bangor Philharmonic, which is a new organization.

"While I am a firm believer in taxation," said Mische Eiman, the violinist, last week, "I do feel that I am justified in uttering a word of protest against a national tax on music. Music, in time of war, when the nation's emotional life must be quickened to make it respond to the great demands made of it, is almost as essential as food. To tax musical instruments, even to put a tax on musical events, would be the taxation of necessities, and I earnestly feel that there are a great many luxuries which go untaxed at present."

Mabel Beddoe, the Canadian contralto, is already engaged for a number of appearances. Some of her engagements recently booked are with the Women's Club at Pelham Manor, a performance of Verdi's Requiem at East Orange and Brooklyn and "Hera Novissima" at Brooklyn. Miss Beddoe will give a recital in Hamilton, Ont., and also one in New Wilmington, Pa., early in the season. She will appear with the Twentieth Century Club in Pittsburgh and will make a Western tour in joint recital with Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist, who is also under the management of Annie Friedberg.

Under the patronage of Their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Boris Hambourg, and his associate artists are giving a series of five concerts this season in aid of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

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TEACHER OF PIANO

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smiled again. This time he talked a little.

"I'm glad you wear a little, close-fitting hat," he said. "I know your hair is not wavy."

"I never curl my hair," I said.

"And never cover your forehead," he said. "I like a white forehead, austere with no disfiguring little ringlets."

"Tell me," I said, laughing up at him, "are you a lawyer?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"You have a way of emphasizing each point, whether important or not."

He laughed.

"I'm just a newspaper man," he said; "I run an obscure department on the Crier."

I looked at him in some awe. In a way he wrote, probably shaped people's opinions. He drew me a little closer to him. I was very sorry when the dance came to an end.

We returned to our table. Mr. and Mrs. Boothby were sitting, silent. Apparently they hadn't been talking. You can always tell when two persons have nothing to say to one another.

I felt my diffidence slipping from me. I said to Mrs. Boothby:

"Why didn't you tell me Mr. Dysart was a writer. He wears a halo for me now."

She did not answer, only nodded slightly. A smoking chafing dish had been put on the table.

"Will you serve, Jack?" she asked. There was a little lilt in her voice, a sort of sweet cadence, as she uttered his name.

"Certainly," he answered; "I'll save you the trouble, Boothby."

Mr. Boothby sat silent. When the meal was concluded he pushed back his chair, as though to confine himself to his own thoughts. His wife put her hand out and touched his.

"Won't you dance with me?" she said. She looked so lovely, pleading, that his sourliness lessened. In a moment he had risen and they were dancing together.

Jack Dysart and I were alone.

"Do you know," he began at once, "it's strange you should have taken me for a lawyer. I wanted to be one, but I got shunted!"

"Shunted!" I answered. "I'm surprised. Your chin belies your powers, then."

"My chin!" He looked his surprise; then understandingly. "Oh, I've not much will power." He looked a little self-disgusted.

"Yes, you have," I said confidently. I knew I was interesting him. And suddenly I felt honest and clear-principled. For the moment I wasn't playing a part merely to attract him. I wanted to encourage him, to rouse him to his best.

"You could do anything you wanted to do if you set about it," I said.

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HIS eyes lost their amused expression and he looked at me very seriously.

"Well, women don't usually care whether you've anything in you or not, do they?" he said. "Upon my soul, you're different."

We were both silent then till he said:

"Well, I'll tell you, and I've never said as much to another soul. I dream of the day when I'll gird on my armor and go

I wanted a lover, a real man with whom I could walk out this spring night.

forth, right about face, and be a man!"

I thrilled to his tone.

"Yes," I said; "it's a great dream, and it's the only satisfying dream."

"You'd be a great little comrade," he said.

I nodded. I felt a tremendous stimulus to help him. And I knew I had interested and attracted him, and so also I knew the happiest moment of my life. It isn't only marriage a woman wants, but the chance to inspire and bring a man to his best. I suppose she feels the same way about her children, about any living thing that needs her care and her belief.

And Jack Dysart liked me, and he had aroused in me not only the keen desire to know him better, but the full knowledge that I could help him to find his own powers. That's a kind of love at first sight.

I scarcely knew when Mrs. Boothby returned to her place. I awoke to see her sitting there, smiling, a little breathless, and her husband, his gloom entirely passed away by whatever his wife had

said to him, in his chair beside mine.

"Have another glass of wine?" he asked me cordially.

"Thank you, no," I answered, smiling at him. The new inner warmth needed no outside flame to keep it burning. But now Mrs. Boothby turned to Jack. And I saw him going down again beneath her fascination. I felt myself saying something over and over again deep inside, and suddenly I knew what I was saying. It ran:

"Give me a chance! Give me a chance!" It was a song, a desperate, pleading song. For what right had she to him? She was married to a man who adored her. She could have all that life gives woman if she chose to take the gift. And yet she wanted Jack Dysart with all his potential powers merely as her plaything! It wasn't fair, not remotely just. He was at a critical moment of his life. He might go on with his dalliance and know in time nothing but black regret.

I did not think of her then as a sweet little woman, but a dangerous woman, an idle creature laying her hands on anything that would afford her a day or a week's pleasure. At any cost she must feed her vanity.

"Give me a chance!" I think she must have guessed that ardent prayer, for suddenly she turned around and looked at me with a long, deep look, but she said nothing.

Was this, then, one of the reasons why girls got no chance to meet and interest young men?

A new spirit grew within me, an eternal courage, and when Jack turned to me I met him with that spirit. I have hinted that he was sensitive and impressionable, and he understood that I was offering him then the best I could give of friendship and loyalty, for he returned my smile in kind. Indeed, for a long second our eyes clung together in a beautiful faith, a sort of pledge for what the future might hold.

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MRS. BOOTHBY pushed back her chair with a little scraping movement.

"Your hair needs a little attention," she said to me.

I looked my utter surprise, but I rose and went with her down a narrow aisle and through a swinging door into the woman's dressing-room. Several girls were at tables, painting and powdering. One girl sat in a corner, her eyes heavy and dead looking.

Mrs. Boothby drew me into a corner. I felt her hand, fierce, hot on my arm. Her eyes, deep with malice, bored themselves into mine.

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply.

I could not speak, she so frightened me.

"I brought you along as a kindness," she said in a low, tense voice; "you drag a little country thing. And then you go on me!"

"Turn on you?" I was still floundering.

"You try your flirtations on Jack Dys-



TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

—Pallier.

Gossip of Books of the Day

FROM CHICAGO MOTORMAN TO NORWAY'S GREATEST WRITER

Back in the '80s Knut Hamsun, a Norwegian, was a street car conductor in Chicago. Today his fiction and poetry have been translated into twenty-two languages and at the public libraries in Norway his works are in greater demand than those of any other writer. Allen W. Porterfield, writing in the New York Evening Post thus tells of an interview he had with Hamsun at his home in Larvik, which is hidden away in the frozen hills of Norway.

Having been introduced to Norway's first writer—aged 57—tall, erect, blond, with a mustache that looks quite German, a face that is alternately in a smile and a scowl, and light Norwegian eyes that look far away—I asked the following questions (culled from a mass of general conversation). They were answered by my host in a soft, almost weak voice, a voice that must resemble but little that in which Knut Hamsun, back in the early '80s, used to call out stations while acting as a street car conductor in Chicago. These were the questions and answers:

"Do you read what the critics say about your works?"

"Never. Oh, I used to when I was interested in the financial side of the matter, for a critic can help or hinder the sale of a book. But I don't bother about even that any more. I have enough money for the little bit of life that is left me, and there is nothing more stupid and useless than the writing of books about books."

"But you have read John Lundquist's book on your life and works, in which he makes you out a genuine romanticist?"

"Heaven forbid! Lundquist sent me a copy of it and I wrote to him expressing my surprise that a man would take the trouble to read through my complete works in order to write another book."

"Do you read much modern Norwegian literature?"

"Papers and Poems. I never read it. I read only the newspapers and lyric poetry. The papers contain life and the poems truth. I read papers and poems—and translations from foreign languages."

"Why do you read foreign literature rather than Norwegian?"

"I want life; I love it. Norwegian life I know rather well; Russian life, for example, I want to know. Life is international."

"I take it that you use living models for the characters in your novels and dramas?"

"Not at all. I never used a living model but once, and that work was not successful. I never knew at the beginning how many characters are going to come out; what is going to become of them. I start them, and at the close they stand before me generally in a way which I myself never anticipated. Life has its own rules and these rules determine the fate of my characters."

"Then you do not have and do not believe in a theory of composition?"

"None other than the one I have just stated. The biggest bit of balderdash that was ever written is Poe's account of his composition of 'The Raven.' While writing a novel or drama I make it a point to read much poetry in the meantime. That stimulates. Also, in the evening, while sitting in as near total darkness as possible, I take down notes. The next morning I make use of as many of these as I can. Sometimes I can use all of them, sometimes very few."

"You must study the theory of verse and prosody. Else how in all the world were you able to turn so abruptly from prose and surprise the world with such poetry?"

Interested Only in Life
"I bought some works on rhyming and meter, but I couldn't understand the technical terms. I never derived any benefit from them. Life alone interests me: the theory of prosody back I could put together many books. But I am sick. I shiver all the time."

"Does Norway give promise of a literary future?"

"No country ever 'gives promise' of a literary future. Norway will have just as many poets as are born."

"What sort of time did you have as a street car conductor in Chicago?"

"Awful. I couldn't remember the names of the streets by day, and couldn't see them by night, so I would call out a number sometimes long after we had passed it, the people would get out, and you may imagine the results. Nor did I like Minneapolis. The prairies in Dakota were better."

The story is told of Knut Hamsun that when, in the early '80s, he was arranging for lectures on literature in Minneapolis—the price of admission was to be five cents, and from the income he hoped to lay in a supply of tobacco and gum shoes—he assured the public that there was no one in town who had a better appreciation of literature than he.

CRISP Reviews of New Books Wide Range of Subjects Treated

There are war books—and then again there are War Books! A War Book has come to hand in "On the Right of the British Line," by Captain Gilbert Nobbs, late London Rifle Brigade.

The book is a personal narrative—what happened to the writer on the firing line in France, while he lay in a shell-hole with the battle raging over him, as a prisoner of war and ending with his return to England. It is a story which grips one who is interested in what the men in this stupendous conflict are going through.

The reviewer would enjoy quoting to the extent of several newspaper pages from this book—but unfortunately space forbids.

Captain Nobbs was blinded—permanently—yet he makes light of his affliction. He passed into the shadow of the valley of death and returned to life.

"There was a bandage around my head; I was blind! Yes, I knew that, but there was nothing really the matter with me except that. The mere fact of being only blind seemed in comparison a luxury."

"I was blind! But joy indescribable—that was that triviality—I was alive! alive!"

"Oh, my, I never knew before that life was so wonderful. Did other people understand what life was? No; you must be dead to understand what life was worth. I must tell everyone how wonderful it is at all."

Not only here does he express the glory of merely being alive—even though blinded.

"There are men, and we know them by the score, who are constantly looking out on life through the darkened windows of a dissatisfied existence."

Such men, and you can pick them out by their looks and expression . . . build an artificial wall of trouble to shut out the natural paradise of existence . . . do not realize the meaning of the life and death with which they trifle. . . . Let us think only of the glory of life; not of the trivial penalties which may be demanded of us in payment . . ."

It would be impossible to do justice to Capt. Nobbs' account of his experiences on the firing line without reprinting several chapters of the book, so they must remain to those who buy.

This man of dauntless spirit could be classed as a Canadian, for he lived in Toronto for ten years before the war, going to London in 1914 to rejoin his old regiment. In Toronto he was an officer in the Queen's Own Rifles.

LADY CORRIGAN'S LOVE MATCH. (By Charles Stuart Welles)

This is apparently a satire on love and spiritualism. I say "apparently" because I am not at all sure what it is. The author is a medical doctor, so perhaps his book is too deep for me, and I have missed entirely its significance. All I am sure of is that this weird little volume is bound in pale yellow paper and costs but 25c, which sum one might bravely risk on the chance of drawing a prize.

NOVELIST IS WOUNDED.

Irving Bacheller, author of "Eben Holden," "Dri and I," who as a guest of the British government sailed on August 15th for London and France to see the war and chiefly to write about it for magazines, has returned to his home in Riverside, Conn.

Mr. Bacheller suffered a slight wound at Lens when a shell burst near him and a fragment penetrated his left eye. He was in a hospital for several days as a result of the injury. His party was under shell fire a number of times.

"One sees very much the same conditions in France as in England," said the writer, "for no signs of discouragement or faltering are evident. France has got her second wind and is resolved to fight until she wins."

"Along the battle lines, Ypres to Verdun, one cannot help noticing superiority in the allied artillery on every sector. Sir Douglas Haig's new system of barrage makes advance possible with but little loss. The allies have gained pretty much of the high ground and have pushed the Germans into the flats, where it

looks as though they would spend a most disagreeable winter. It looks to me as though the line at the north end of the British army would soon roll up, with a consequent retreat by the Germans."

"HIS LAST BOW."

(By A. Conan Doyle)

In the midst of writing his history of the great war, Conan Doyle has taken sufficient time to once more bring before the public some additional exploits of his great detective—Sherlock Holmes. When we read the last chapters of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" some years ago we all thought that the famous detective had unravelled his last mystery, and had helped Scotland Yard for the last time, but now we find him once more delving into the mysteries of criminal intrigue much to the discomfort of the criminals, for of course Sherlock Holmes always hits on the right solution to the mystery. "His Last Bow" covers a period extending from 1892 in the first story, "The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge" up till August, 1914, the time that he makes his last bow. The collection of stories, eight in all, are not as gripping as the author's previous works, and none of them can be compared to "A Study in Scarlet" or "The Sign of Four." Still they possess sufficient merit to hold the reader to the end of the series. They abound in grotesque situations and complications, and Sherlock Holmes displays the best that is in him in solving some of the intricate problems that are presented. The old skill in deduction—eliminate the impossible and that which remains, no matter how improbable, must be correct—is still there, particularly in the story entitled "The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans." In "His Last Bow," the final incident, the manner in which Sherlock Holmes foiled the German arch-spy in England is splendidly told, and almost up to the last lines of the narrative one wonders just where the great detective is going to step in. He does come in, however, at the critical moment. Whether or not he will be rewarded, like Capt. Kettle, with a K.C.B. for his services to the government remains for a future book from Conan Doyle to show. For lovers of detective fiction, "His Last Bow" will bring an entertaining hour.

Leginska And Novas

Another good old tradition is shattered by the news of the great friendship and admiration for each other—both personally and artistically—of Ethel Leginska and Guiomar Novas. When the young South American pianist first came to the U. S. she went to a Leginska concert, and from that time on there was scarcely one of the little English pianist's concerts in or near New York that did not find Miss Novas, in the audience. One night Leginska was playing in Paterson, N.J., and after the concert there was her gifted sister artist in the green room waiting for her—she had come all the way out from New York to attend this concert. Leginska was more deeply touched by this attention from her fellow artist than by all the applause and praise of the critics. All hail to the two supreme women pianists—Ethel Leginska and Guiomar Novas—and may there be more of this new generation of artists, who are generous and broad-minded enough to rejoice in each other's success and to realize that genius is not a monopoly controlled by any one person exclusively.

Which Is Yours?

The remuneration received for services rendered has many names. The laborer calls it "pay," the skilled mechanic "wages," the city clerk "salary," the banker "income," a lawyer "fees" and a burglar "swag."—London Answers.

What Sort of Book Interests You?

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10124 Jasper.

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By H. G. Wells

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CHANGING WINDS, By Ervine

\$1.60

The Douglas Co. Ltd.

10032 Jasper.

GREEN FANCY.

(By George Barr McCutcheon.)

"Green Fancy" is a mystery story. The treatment, however, is more mysterious than the plot. That is to say, the author is so verbose and so prosy that one loses one's self in a maze of words, so that the mystery thickens as one endeavors in vain to find a way out of the wood. If life is preferred to verbal strangulation, it would be as well to follow this reviewer's advice, and turn to page 355, the last line, where one will read with a glimmer of understanding: "That is where you are going to live darling."

part. Why, he wouldn't notice you if you didn't sing yourself at him!"

"Why are you so jealous then?" I had found my voice, cool and contemptuous.

"Jealous!" She tried to put satire into her now trembling tones. "Jealous!"

"You brought me along to entertain your husband," I said clearly, the whole situation revealing itself to me in a lightning stroke. "And I didn't have sense enough to see what you meant!"

She lost control for a moment, so much so she could find no scathing words. Her eyes flashed, her hands tightened themselves, opened again. The girl with the dull eyes suddenly sat up and looked with a knowing interest at us. I suppose she guessed the cause of the little scene. "Keep your silly glances for some man of your own world," said Mrs. Boothby. I felt sick all at once. I felt I could

not stay a moment longer listening to her vapourings. I pushed open the swinging door and went steadily back to my place at the table.

She followed in a few moments. She had powdered her face and in some clever way had removed all traces of the storm. She sat down with a laughing word, and with sheer impudence she asked her husband:

"Doesn't Miss Gregory look better with her locks pinned back?"

I hadn't touched my hair, but he answered:

"I believe she does."

I wondered if Jack Dysart guessed what had happened. To my horror, I felt the hot tears near. The music struck up. Mrs. Boothby looked at Jack. He rose, and in a moment they were dancing to the tune of a lovely waltz.

For a moment I watched them. How lovely, how irresistibly appealing she seemed now! She looked up into the

man's face and there seemed a sadness upon her, a sadness that reached out and asked for his understanding, his tender consideration. How could he withstand her?

Now the hot tears were in my eyes. It was as though I had found something immeasurably dear, immeasurably beautiful, and it had been snatched forever out of my reach.

I TURNED to look at Mr. Boothby, seeing him through a mist. He, too, was watching his wife. A bitter, bitter look was in his eyes. He was suffering keenly and the tragedy of the whole situation quite overcame me.

I got to my feet. Mr. Boothby, suddenly awakened, sprang up.

"I'm going home," I said. "I must go."

"I'm sorry," he said. But he did not ask me any questions nor try to detain me.

I escaped. Fortunately, I had my little purse with me. I caught a car and in a few minutes I was entering the door of my boarding-house. A dim light flickered in the hall, and I picked my way up the stairs carefully to my room.

I turned up the gas and sat down on the edge of the bed. My brief adventure was over. It might have been such a beautiful adventure, the beginning of life for me.

Suddenly I felt a return of courage. With absolute conviction I knew myself Jack Dysart's mate. Who but a true mate could see deep into another's soul, could quicken with the thought of work to be done in his behalf?

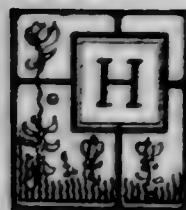
But it was a little flare, and it died quickly of its own impotency. For what power is great enough to win out against a man's weakness and a woman's vanity?

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TAKING A FLYER

By Dorothy Jefferson

Illustrated by M. D. Smith



He tried at first to keep his hands from the safe treasures of his pockets, and joyfully numbered his victims. So long as a girl accepted his attention

for what they were worth he ruthlessly bombarded her with chocolates and roses, but the instant he smelled orange blossoms he put on a mask and hid in a dugout. He would die fighting, but he refused to be suffocated and taken prisoner.

His offensive armor consisted of tailor-made suits, striking vests and suede-top shoes. His earning capacity was about eighteen per, but father sent a donation every month.

And everybody liked Henry.

He jollied the elevator man who took him up to the advertising agency where he worked; he teased the blond stenographer who was his humble and willing slave, and he flattered his employer, who regarded him as a harmless and amusing idiot. In short, he faced the world with a bluff and a smile, and life treated him well.

"It's easy enough to get by," he told the fair Miss Jenkins one morning. "All you have to do is get a line—see? 'Way back in college I said to myself, 'Henry, my boy, what you need is a line, a good, strong line, guaranteed to tow you through rough waters without breaking.' And I worked till I got one—see?"

Miss Jenkins' red lips parted in a careful smile. She was careful of all her expressions, now that she was studying "The Art of the Silent Drama," by correspondence. She expected to bid her typewriter adieu when she had mastered, and paid for, ten lessons.

I CAN handle women," Henry admitted modestly. "Better than most men. I can play Romeo, or cave man, or both, if the occasion demands it. Most girls like a combination. They fall for a man who is stern one moment and tender the next—"

Samuel Mattson appeared in the doorway of his private office.

"And the proofs are ready for inspection, Miss Jenkins," finished Henry suavely.

He got by.

Benjamin Olcott, Henry's father, was a mint king. He did not have a mint of money in the bank, but he owned a few hundred acres of swampy Michigan land that yielded the mint for a local chewing gum factory. And since the \$10,000 he reaped annually from his farm was an enormous income in the eyes of the village, he was labeled, and tried to live up to, the title of a mint king.

But Henry was not satisfied. He grew weary of the postmaster's daughter Belle

Henry had a month to make good. On the twenty-ninth day he slipped and would have fallen if Uncle Sam had not helped him

and the banker's daughter Susie and the baker's daughter Phoebe by the time he was 21, and decided to fish in a deeper sea. So he tucked a couple of old Benjamin's thousands in his pocket and took a train east to a college that had a good football team. He couldn't play, but he learned to be a cheer leader. And he perfected his line.

IN New York the fit job in the advertising agency suited him remarkably well. He had plenty of time to go to the movies while he was soliciting, and there was a free phone in a booth near his desk. His work interfered little with his pleasure.

He waited until the blond Miss Jenkins and Samuel Mattson had disappeared in the private office, then strode to the telephone.

"Morning, Central," he said affably. "Can you ring up Morningside 5090 for me, please? I don't know your name, but I always know your sweet voice."

He got his connection.

"That you, Ruthie? Right at the phone to answer your Henry, aren't you, dear? What? Why didn't I come out last night? Why, my precious child, I had to work! What? No, I couldn't send you word. Big men to interview, you know, and all that. Busy? Well, I rather guess I am! I'll see you tonight, though, Ruthie, 'out fall. Bye, little girl."

Ruthie, the "precious child," weighed a good hundred and fifty pounds and had wasted twenty-nine years in the land of plenty. Hence she adored the term "little girl." Henry left the phone smiling broadly.

And so the days passed. The nights were different, but scarcely more profitable to a young man who expected to make a name or fortune in the business world. Cabarets, theaters and poker parties blurred Henry's horizon and made him see life through a kaleidoscope, where faces and figures were jumbled in gaudy confusion. He was here, there and everywhere. He rushed a dozen girls at the same time, and each new feminine acquaintance had a passing charm for him. He became what New York calls a "man about town," Chicago points out as a "loophound" and Michigan villages brand a "devil." All on eighteen per.

How did he do it?

The answer is simple. Benjamin Olcott, in the goodness of his simple old heart, did what many fathers have done

His monthly "presents" were the ruination of Henry's ambitions.

Just how long this state of affairs might have lasted is impossible to say. But Henry was by no means tired of the bright lights when fate began to jerk him up and demand an account of his wasted days and sleepless nights.

The trouble began when Miss Jenkins gave notice. She had completed her lessons and was ready to assault the moving picture studios. Her weapon of attack, a diploma from the "Silent Drama Institute," was grasped firmly in her alim white hands when she went to bid her employer, Henry, and her typewriter farewell. Samuel Mattson and the typewriter showed equal feeling and interest in her departure, but Henry followed her out of the office, berating the unkind fortune that separated them. As a stenographer, earning the same salary he did, Miss Jenkins had not appealed to him, but as a moving picture actress she was fascinating.

"Good-by, good-by!" he called after her. "Best of luck to you, my dear. The little old office will be empty without you."

Miss Jenkins was blushing prettily when the elevator carried her out of sight, and Henry sighed wearily. Fate had snatched a toy away just as he was learning to play with it. And that was not all that fate had done. He gasped for breath when he re-entered the office and peered into Samuel Mattson's private sanctuary.

A little, red-headed, white-faced girl in a mouse-colored dress was talking earnestly to Henry's employer.

"Yes," said Samuel Mattson, in a voice which was raised for the benefit of eavesdroppers, "I think you will do nicely, Miss Smith. You seem like a sensible girl, immune to the flattery of certain good-for-nothing young men who take up space in modern offices. If we could find more girls of your type we should be able to give these young men their walking papers."

The red-headed girl laughed, and Henry grew hot under his collar.

YOU may get right to work, Miss Smith," Samuel Mattson concluded. "Ask some one to show you Miss Jenkins' desk and type off these letters."

Slowly and stiffly Henry rose to his feet. Escape was impossible. He must welcome Lucy Smith—little, unloved, movable Lucy Smith, from the Michi-

gan village—to the desk that adjoined his own in the advertising agency.

"Lucy," he said, with a miserable attempt at a smile, "how are you?"

The red-headed girl colored swiftly. Her amazement at finding the mint king's son in the great big city where she had expected to find no one but strangers brought a sudden joyous light to her hazel eyes.

"Henry!" she said. "Do you work here?"

The smartly dressed young man before her nodded ironically.

"I am one of the worthless persons to whom Mr. Mattson referred just now," he said shortly. "Take off your hat and I'll introduce you to your machine."

Lucy obeyed, her eyes cloudy with troubled memory. After the first glad moment, born of seeing some one, anyone, whom she knew in the big city, she regretted her meeting with Henry Olcott. It took all the courage she could summon to sit at the desk beside his and listen to his instructions. The remembrance of their last hour together in the village stabbed her with fresh pain. She heard his voice, cold and indifferent then as now, telling her that things must end between them. She heard his cutting remarks about the narrowness of small towns and the impossibility of finding happiness with her. She heard his explanations about "city life" and his "career." She saw herself giving him the signet ring that had been a symbol of their childish engagement. And suddenly, before she realized it, she was offering an alibi for her presence in the office.

YOU mustn't think I came here—to see you," she stammered. "I didn't. And I didn't come to learn the ways of the girls you told me about. I've been happy in the village, Henry, and I love it as much as I hate this big, dirty, overgrown place that you call your paradise. I would never have come here if Johnny and Phil had not gone to war. They need my help—in Michigan."

Henry smiled, successfully this time.

"Don't worry, Lucy," he said kindly. "I'm no fool. I know the past is dead for us both. We'll get on fine here at the office. No one need suspect that we ever met before. We'll be strangers—and friends."

So that was the basis of the understanding between them.

The city has much to give the country girl who knocks at its gates in a humble spirit. It is only too glad to teach her how to gown and deport herself in the most approved manner, and if she is an apt pupil she may out-city the city girl in a very short time. Lucy Smith was an apt pupil. When it became apparent that Henry and she must accustom themselves to daily contact she set about easing the friction that both were bound to feel.

"I annoy him because I am old-fashioned."

The International Sunday-School Lesson For November 25th is
 "A Psalm Of Thanksgiving."—Psalm 103.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

Real gratitude, however, goes deeper than all that. It has its springs in profounder sources. Nobody with eyes can look abroad in these days without being aware that the world has discovered new mines of human resources, common to all, a new sort of mutual helpfulness; a new kind of self-interest among men; a new element in organized society; a new conception of popular government; a new sense of responsibility, a new feeling of power, a new sense of duty, a new sense of the value of the individual. It is the new sense of the value of the individual that is the most important thing that has happened in the world since the beginning of the world.

For, like his Greater Descendant, David glimpsed the tremendous truth that God may be thought of in terms of Fatherhood. "Like as a father pitieth,"—that's God. Nobody ever had any thoughts too loving and merciful, tender and patient about God. When we can say to Him, "Father," "Father I thank Thee," we have secured a rather complete "thou art" relationship. So, as regards the Fatherhood of God, David gives thanks for what God is to him. So, as regards the Fatherhood of God, David gives thanks for what God is to him. So, as regards the Fatherhood of God, David gives thanks for what God is to him.

Alberta, where the farmer's crop
Was never known to fail,
When crops all miss in other lands
We've plenty here for sale.
But for living in Alberta
My reasons first are three:
There's sunshine, health and happi-
ness—
It's good enough for me.
—IRMA THOMAS

neat and frumpy," she decided, "and we will both be happier if I fix up a little bit."

She became what Henry condescendingly called "easy to look at."

Samuel Matteson was enormously pleased with Lucy's progress. Standing in the doorway of his sanctum, he often watched her titian head bent over her typewriter, and remarked on her neatness, industry and efficiency.

"And best of all, she is perfectly indifferent to that idiot Olcott," he told himself. "She's too sensible a girl to waste her time on a fellow like that. I must make it worth her while to stay in this office."

Henry meanwhile managed to heap most of his duties on Lucy's shoulders. He knew she would not complain, and he found excuses for leaving the office early in the afternoons, his unfinished work scattered carelessly behind him.

And the girl, like all girls who have loved foolishly well, lingered after her own hours were up and did the things Henry had neglected to do.

She was an hour late leaving the office one evening and the hail was quiet when she went out to ring for the elevator. The sound of a voice at her shoulder startled her unreasonably. She turned to face Samuel Matteson.

"OH, YOU frightened me a little," she gasped. "I thought you had gone home long ago."

Her employer smiled.

"Well, I had reasons of my own for not going, Miss Smith. I wanted to see why you work so late every evening. You remain to do that beastly young Olcott's work after you have finished your own. I suspected him of shoving his duties off on some one else. I shall discharge him tomorrow."

Lucy Smith's plain little face flushed

painfully. She caught Samuel Matteson's sleeve in her nervous fingers.

"Please—don't," she begged. "It's all my fault. I promise you that I will never help him again. I promise you that he will make good—if you will give him another chance."

THE elevator door opened and Lucy rode down with her employer, her earnest eyes fixed on his stern face. When they reached the ground floor Samuel Matteson spoke briefly.

"He has a month to make good," he said. "Good night, Miss Smith."

A month to make good!

Lucy sat in her drab little bedroom that night and repeated the words over and over. How could she reach Henry in that space of time? How could she make a man of him in four weeks?

She rose and walked to the mirror, letting her long, bright hair fall loose about her white shoulders.

"Can I do it?" she asked the image in the glass. "Am I capable of saving him from himself?"

The features of the girl who stared back at her were plain, but delicately refined. The eyes were hazel and dreamy and the lips were well-molded and sweet.

"I must make him love me again," she said softly.

Henry reached the office half an hour late the following morning. To his surprise Lucy did not look up as he entered. He ignored her for a few moments and then spoke sharply.

"Morning, Miss Smith. Think it will rain?"

No answer. The titian head did not turn.

"Lucy! Anything gone wrong?"

Still no answer. And Henry, with true masculine curiosity, walked around his desk and faced her.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

"What have I done now?"

The girl laughed merrily.

"Nothing," she said sweetly. "That's it, Henry. I haven't time to waste on anyone who strolls in here late every day. Please let me alone. I'm busy."

"Well, of all the——" Henry muffed

his last word, and went back to his desk. He decided Lucy had lost her senses. And he remarked that her hair was becoming in a psychic knot.

Noon came and Henry made another advance. It was raining, and he noticed that Lucy had no umbrella.

"Shall I have your lunch sent up here?" he asked pleasantly as he buttoned up his raincoat. "I can order it for you if you wish."

Lucy faced him for the first time that morning.

"No, thank you," she said softly. "I have a luncheon engagement. I suppose there will be a taxi."

So that was it! Lucy had an admirer. Well, that accounted for many things that had baffled Henry. The new clothes, the new do-up on her hair, the calm indifference with which she treated him—another man, of course! Lucy had another man.

WHEN he returned to the office Henry was still thinking about the change in the girl who had vowed she could never love anyone else. He found her at her desk, pink-cheeked and soft-eyed, reading a letter that was scrawled in masculine writing. The envelope fell to the floor and he hastened to pick it up. The postmark was foreign, and in his jealousy he forgot that Lucy had two brothers in France.

"Just like every other woman in the world," he commented wrathfully. "She certainly strung me along back there in Michigan."

It was his pride that tortured him during the long, rainy afternoon. When we know that we possess something we are not likely to value it particularly, but when we find it snatched away from us the object becomes ineffably dear. And so it was with Lucy Smith's love. Henry, feeling that it had escaped him unaccountably, set about winning it back. The defeat of his unknown rivals who took Lucy to lunch and wrote her thick letters was imperative.

Mind if I run over to see you tonight, Lucy?" he asked as she rose and pinned her jaunty black turban on her head.

"I'm positively hungry for one of the cozy little evenings we used to spend together. Remember the fudge you made, and the stories we read—in Michigan?"

Lucy smiled faintly.

"I'm afraid one of those evenings would bore us both to death now, Henry," she said, "and besides—I've another engagement."

Henry tramped wrathfully through the wet streets and flung himself into the first restaurant he came to.

The head waiter knew him.

"Your usual table, sir?" he asked. "How many in the party?"

"One," Henry growled rudely. "And I want to sit near the wall—in a corner."

In the weeks that followed Lucy carried out her plans with a rigidity that frightened her. She was a truthful soul, never given to camouflage, and she lay awake nights wondering if Henry's redemption justified her deception. But in the daylight she never faltered.

"I love my freedom," she told Henry once, "and so long as I earn my living no man can rob me of that."

Henry said nothing. He merely stared at her in gloomy silence and recalled the time when he had thought her old-fashioned and countrified.

But his progress was encouraging. He was seldom late in the mornings, and never left his desk in the afternoons until his work had been finished.

Samuel Matteson noted the change in the irresponsible youth and shook his head cannily.

"Too good to be true," he commented to himself; "it can't last."

It might have lasted indefinitely, however, if Lucy Smith had continued her treatment and Henry's allowance had not piled up in his pocket. As it was he found several hundred dollars in his possession one morning, and woke up to the fact that he had not given a party for almost a month.

"I'll ask Lucy to go out with me tonight," he decided. "I'll take her to dinner, and to the Follies, and then to supper at the Vanity Gardens. I'll give her the time of her life."

He was so enthused with the idea that he entered the agency smiling broadly and swung through the gate that led to Lucy's desk with a rapidity that startled the long faced office boy.

Lucy's desk was closed. Her chair was empty.

"Miss Smith?" Henry demanded. "Where's Miss Smith today?"

The long faced office boy shrugged in different shoulders.

"Gallivantin', I s'pose," he drawled; "I ain't seen her."

Henry put his hand on the roll of bills that nestled in his pocket and groaned weakly. His disappointment was keen.

"Just my luck," he mourned. "All this money and nobody to spend it on."

The roll seemed heavier by noon. The weight of it depressed him when

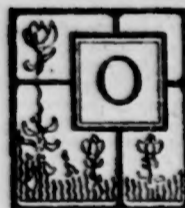
"I'm afraid one of those evenings would bore us both to death now, Henry," she said, "and besides—I've another engagement."



ON THE ROAD TO ROMANCE



On the sole of the Brave Maiden's pink little foot the eugenist found a Big Black Mole. So the maiden renounced the youth, fearful lest the mole might repeat itself on the bridge of Posterity's Nose.



ONCE there lived a Brave Maiden and a Beautiful Youth. Now the Beautiful Youth was so foolishly in love with the Brave Maiden that he often choked while eating his soup; and

the Brave Maiden was so foolishly in love with the Beautiful Youth that she consented to marry him on \$15 a week. Could ever maiden be braver? And the wise old graybeards said Various Things about this engagement which was of such supreme importance to the youth and the maiden.

"It's so silly; they're mere children," said the friend of the family.

"I hope she will make him comfortable," said the youth's mamma.

"She's throwing herself away," said the maiden's mamma. "If only she would listen to me I would Marry Her Off to a Rich Graybeard."

"Hum," said the eugenist, "how about their lungs and their liver; their calves, their biceps, and their respiration?"

And he said it so loud that the Brave Maiden heard.

Now the maiden was a Conscientious Girl, so she hid her to the eugenist to be set right about Very Important Matters. And this is what the eugenist found:

Lungs—Perfect.

Heart—Pumping as only a young heart, very much in love, can pump.

Eyes, Ears, Nose, Stomach—Without a flaw.

But alas, on the sole of the Brave Maiden's pink little foot the cautious eugenist found a Big Black Mole. Verily, a Shameful Thing—a Big Black Mole. So, after many struggles, the Brave Maiden renounced the Beautiful Youth, fearful lest the Mole might repeat itself on the Bridge of Posterity's Nose.

"Horrid Old Posterity," wept the girl; "I wonder how long it will take my Jack to make me change my mind?" And she threw herself across the foot of her bed, weeping bitterly.

Now there used to roam through sunny Italy, once upon a time, Splendid Maids, in Gorgeous Pantaloonas, aliken and of velvet, singing songs that timid ears were glad to hear. So, like the troubadours, came the Beautiful Youth, standing under the Brave Maiden's window. And as he stood there he felt as courageous as though he were earning \$1,500 a week instead of \$15. So he called up to his modern lady.

"Marjorie," called he, "come to the window, darling. I wish to say good-by forever."

"Surely," thought Marjorie, "it would be sweet to say good-by. To say good-by forever could do no harm to posterity. I will go."

So she got up quickly and put on her very best boudoir cap, with the gold lace. She also put on her sister's rose silk neg-

ligee, and she powdered her nose a wee bit, though not quite enough to hide the tears from the Beautiful Youth. Then she went to the window to Look Out at the Moon.

"Magic Moon," said she sadly, "though nothing magic happens."

"I say, Marjorie," called the youth, though not loud enough to waken mamma; "I say, you look 'pippin'."

"Do I, Jack?" asked the maiden eagerly, pleased. Then she sighed. "Alas, my dear, how vain a thing is looks. Alas, Jack, posterity is all my care."

"For posterity," stormed Jack, his young face bent upward toward his lady, all under the spell of the moon, "for posterity I don't care a—well, you know what I would say, barring your presence. But I do care for you. Come down, darling; the moon is shining."

"But posterity, Jack," objected the Brave Maiden.

"My darling," crooned Jack; "my own true love."

"Still posterity—"

"Come down; oh, come down, my Marjorie, while yet the miracle of youth is upon us."

"Still posterity, Jack—"

"Marjorie," called up Jack; "oh, my golden girl, this life may be our Only Chance in all the great eternities." And his voice shook a little at thought of a time when he might not love her. He hurried on, swept by a mighty urge.

"You, Marjorie, you are the only woman in the world for me. I love only you. So come down, my first love; come down to me here."

"Tush!" rasped mamma, who had been awakened. "Tush!" said she in practical accents of calm middle age. "Come back here, Marjorie, and I will Marry You Off to old Major Stevens. He's some bald, but—"

"Do not desert me now," pleaded the youth. "Come, my Marjorie."

Then the Brave Maiden dropped down from the lattice into the arms of the Beautiful Youth, and they walked away together into the moonlight. For it is very sweet to be a man's first love.

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Now they went a great ways, through new, strange and perilous countries, as is the way with all young things on the threshold of life's great adventure. At last they came to a battlefield, whereon mothers have travelled from the days of Eve.

"Are you afraid?" asked the youth.

"No," said she, "for was I not the Brave Maiden?"

"Not even for posterity?" he asked.

"I have faith—for posterity," she answered. Anon she met the enemy, wrestling with death, fighting battles for two, as she travelled. And she came out victorious, as is the happy wont of women. But Sonny Boy had a Big Black Mole right in the middle of his forehead.

"He's a boy," said his mother; "now, if he had been a daughter—"

"He's a lucky little beggar," said his father, "to take after his dear mother."

"Shameful," quoth the eugenist; "a Great Black Mole!"

But Sonny settled the question for all time.

"Cheer up, mamma," said he; "cheer up and do not fret. It was worth more than a mole to have become your son."

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By Hazel Canning

He went out to lunch, and he walked toward Wall street.

Now Henry was not a natural born gambler. He played bridge for half a cent a point and put up his ante cheerfully at the poker table, but was not a regular gambler. He was innocent as a babe about the stock market, and he had never before taken a flyer in Wall street. He would not have taken one that day if his pockets had not been so well filled and his office so confoundingly empty without Lucy. As it was he threw caution to the wind and bought on the tip of a questionable friend.

HE DID not return to the office. Dazed by his own recklessness and Lucy's faithlessness, he hung about Wall street waiting to know his fate. His questionable friend bought him a drink.

Lucy's cold was better the next morning and she entered the office with a sense of elation. The calendar on her desk bore a red cross inked over the date, and she carried it to Mr. Mattson's spurtum when she went in for dictation.

"The month is up today, Mr. Mattson," she said; "has he made good?"

To her amazement her employer did not answer at once. He gazed out the window and watched the smoke twirling from the chimney of a near-by factory.

"No," he said finally. "I regret to tell you that he has not, Miss Smith. I discovered the reason last night. I knew that Olcott was an idler and a worthless

sort, but I never realized that he played the market. He was too intoxicated to recognize me when I saw him, but I heard his story from a friend. Henry Olcott is a fool and a gambler, little girl, and I beg you to forget him. He took a flyer yesterday and lost everything he owns."

There was a long silence. Lucy's wide hazel eyes had a glassy stare. It seemed she could never utter another word. She was so stunned and bewildered the room reeled about her when she tried to rise from her chair.

"I—I'm going home," she said faintly, pushing the hair back from her forehead with a hopeless little gesture. "Can you spare me for a while, Mr. Mattson?"

Mr. Mattson could. He told her to take a week's vacation if she needed it. Then he shut his door and cursed the day that Henry Olcott entered his office.

"And I thought she was a sensible girl," he groaned. "Women are all alike."

The week slipped by, and Lucy Smith lay so still in her white iron bed that her landlady timidly suggested a doctor. The girl merely shook her head and turned her face to the wall, leaving a tray of carefully cooked delicacies untouched.

"An' it's homesick she must be, the poor darlin'," said the landlady's fat husband when he returned from work one night and listened to his wife's account of their boarder's actions. "An' has she no friends in the city?"

"None as I know of," his wife answered. "She's like a waif cast up by the sea."

They were still discussing Lucy when the doorbell rang, and a good looking young man in a soldier's uniform stepped into the hall.

"Is Miss Smith at home?" he demanded. "Will you tell her that Mr. Olcott is calling?"

The fat husband was halfway up the stairs before his wife could halt him.

"It's a beau she's been wantin', poor darlin'," he mumbled joyfully as he halted at Lucy's door, "an', by heaven, she's goin' to have one!"

Lucy received the message languidly. She had dressed and was sitting by the window, staring down into the blackness of the side street.

She said that she would be down in a minute, and Mr. Olcott might wait in the parlor.

SHE pinned a fresh white collar in the neck of her dark silk dress and dabbed some powder on her nose. She was too weak and tired to feel much interest in the coming interview, and she descended the stairs slowly, holding onto the banister rail as she walked. Her faltering steps resounded through the hall below.

The parlor was dim. The landlady's husband had not always been old and fat and he had neglected to turn up the

lights. It was a full moment before Lucy realized that her caller was in uniform.

"Lucy," he began huskily, and then again, "Lucy, dear!"

It was all he could say. His line was broken.

She crept into his arms like a weary child, and her sobs shook her slender little body.

"You mustn't cry, darling," he pleaded. "I'm going away to make a man of myself. I've been an awful cad, Lucy, and I don't deserve any consideration whatever from a girl like you. Can you ever forgive me, honey?"

The girl buried her head on his shoulder, and he stroked her soft hair with a kind of reverence.

"I—I want you to be my wife, little Lucy. May I hope—some day?"

The hazel eyes met his, the sweet lips twisted into a faint, happy smile.

"My soldier man," Lucy whispered fondly. "There's never been anyone else. I'm wonderfully proud of you, Henry. And—well, you didn't do anything very wrong when you gambled in Wall street the other day."

Her hands caressed the wings, insignia of the aviation corps, that adorned the sleeve of Henry's uniform.

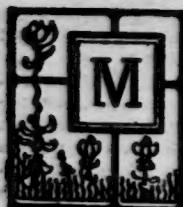
"Mr. Mattson said that you took a flyer," she laughed with the old-time joyousness, "but I can't scold you for that. I'm taking a flyer myself—and I'm the happiest girl in the world."

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THE FORTUNES OF WAR

By Richard Barry

Illustrated by Ben Cohen



MAJOR CROUPARD lived in a hut by the side of the road that led into the Pyrenees. It was Spanish soil, but a hundred yards beyond lay the frontier of France. His tiny home faced

north, and every night as he sat on his doorstep he saw the sun sink on the land which he loved the best, but which he never more could touch.

He had been exiled. "Beyond the borders of France forever," read the order of commitment. The charge against him was treason. It had been asserted and proved before a court-martial that he had permitted the secrets of his department in the infantry to be purloined from his office, whence they had been traced to the German general staff.

But for two mitigating circumstances death would have been his punishment.

First, his lineage. His grandfather had been one of the youngest of Napoleon's generals; his father had served with honor under Louis Philippe; he himself as a sous-lieutenant had been honorably mentioned in the dispatches of Napoleon III.

Second, except for the word of one man, the evidence against him was entirely circumstantial. This one man, Captain Moine, had been his associate in the headquarters staff office. Inseparable comrades, Croupard had confidently expected Moine to clear him. To his utter bewilderment, when Moine took the stand his testimony, while apparently given with a desire to shield his friend, damned him utterly.

Yet it was but the word of one man. The members of the court looked shrewdly from one to another. There was a whispered conversation in which the name of a woman was mentioned. Then, instead of "death," the president of the court pronounced the word "exile," adding gravely, in a tone almost of affection: "Major Croupard, while the court is convinced of your guilt it admits the possibility of a reasonable doubt. If at any time in the future you are able to introduce new evidence, this sentence will at that time be subject to revision."

The next day Croupard started for Spain.

That had been more than twenty years ago.

On the afternoon of the last day of July, 1914, Croupard sat as usual at the door of his Pyrenean hut, resting his fading eyes on the outlines of his beloved France. He had chosen a spot hid in an elbow of the road, from which at all times he could see the barracks and the officers' quarters of a little frontier

Croupard leads the glorious troops of France to victory—the troops of the man who had sent him into exile. Was it revenge?

post where always lay encamped a company of infantry. At that hour he always sat there, his eyes on the tricolor, waiting for the evening gun and the descent of the flag.

He was thinking of Heloise—of her eyes, her smile. He had not seen her for more than twenty years, and he had no picture of her, but that was not necessary; her face was immortal in his memory. He saw her last on the day before that terrible day when they took away his epaulets and his sword.

When his sentence was delivered he still had twenty-four hours in which to say good-by. He went even as far as her doorstep, and then had resolutely turned away. Should he be coward enough to imprint on the lips of his beloved the kiss of one declared a traitor to France? No; he would wait until he returned, freed of suspicion, the curse removed. It could be no more than a few weeks—a few months at the most; no longer.

More than twenty years had gone. He had not seen her; he had not heard from her. Why should he hear? He had not written. Yet each evening as he looked on the dwellings of the soldiers of France he gazed into the unforgotten eyes of that French sweetheart.

THE bitterness of his exile was gone. His comrades had forgotten him and he had been content to forgive them. His hair had turned gray, then white; but his carriage was as erect as ever, the regimen of his life stricter than as if he had always been on duty.

In another month he would be 62. He thought of this as he shook his fist playfully at the post across the valley.

"Ah, you beggars! That is where I have it on you!" he cried gleefully. "They can retire you at 62. But moi! Ah, I shall be better than ever at 90. They can never retire me!"

Even as he spoke his face suddenly became rigid. He rubbed his eyes and looked more closely. Could it be? Why were those troops being drawn up at attention before the barracks—at this time in the afternoon?

Trembling, already alive with the soldier's nether instinct which detects war even before the telegraph announces it, he went to his little iron cot and drew from beneath the pillow his ancient field-glasses. Refreshing his sight with these he gazed for half an hour, spellbound.

There could be no doubt that it was an unusual occasion. There were the knapsacks. There were the hoods to cover the service caps in rainy weather. There were the copper protection-caps for the muzzles of the gun. There were

the khaki gaiters, worn only in long marches.

The evening gun boomed. The flag fell. And at that the company marched off with a long stride, on the road to the north—toward Paris. Toward Paris! And leaving the frontier of Spain unguarded!

Five minutes later Major Croupard was marching in the opposite direction, wearing his old gaiters, mended and brushed, and with his protection-hood for his service cap. Three miles to the south he entered the nearest Spanish village.

Practically all the populace was assembled in the plaza about the bulletin-board. There he learned that Germany had declared war on Russia, but had hurled her army on France.

He waited around the plaza most of that night. There was no more news. Then he wearily climbed back to his hut within a stone's throw of France. The next day he haunted the bulletin-board in the village. And the next. And the next.

Now for the first time the hollows came to his cheeks. For the first time his eyes blazed intensely with a terrible indignation. Anger that he had never felt at his own exile he now directed toward the Teutons of the north. It seemed as if the bottled-up hatred and suffering of more than twenty years was at last finding expression.

In the morning he would walk to the line by the little stone post that marked the frontier and with the sole of one foot tap—merely tap caressingly—French soil, so very different from Spanish soil, or German soil, or any other soil.

Then for hours he would gaze longingly across the hills and rivers and valleys so desperately that it seemed as if his gaze must make his lightning felt far beyond Belgium. Oh, for a place with his troops! He, in his prime! He could outmarch, outfight any youngster. And his head! Ah, what a head for patient waiting, for shrewd maneuvering!

At last a morning came when on the bulletin-board in the Spanish plaza he read:

"Notice has been extended by the French general staff to all officers and soldiers exiled before 1911. They may return to the colors without question and be granted amnesty."

At last! Singing, laughing, almost overcome with emotion, he marched like a grenadier direct to the post. The commandant gave him passage on the next train for Paris.

They placed him in charge of an étape (halting place) bureau on the road to Verdun. It was his duty to check up the troop-trains as they came from the west and the south of France, report

their arrival, and also the time of their departure, keep the station unencumbered by citizenry, and see that the railroad was always in first-class condition.

The service irked him. He thought of himself as a train dispatcher or an auditor—a mere civilian, a sort of a clerk. Bah! Croupard, the son and the grandson of soldiers, himself a soldier head to heel! Croupard, who, had he not been exiled, would now be a general—certainly a major general, perhaps a lieutenant general; surely in command of a division, maybe even of an army corps!

Yet no one would have guessed that he was displeased. His discipline was perfect, his attention to his duties microscopic. Fifty, 100, 300 trains a day passed his station bound for the front, while there he stayed with his half-company, a rear guard police.

Having access to the telegraph room he was enabled to read all messages, both going to and returning from the front. He followed the fortunes of the army like any Frenchman, his soul absorbed in the problem. For the first two weeks his hopes rose and rose as the French army penetrated Alsace and raised the tricolor over the southern towns in Lorraine. Glory! 1870 was being revenged!

Revenge! Revenge! It was his—personal! It pleased him to the heart. In some illogical manner he imagined it was Germany who had punished him for more than twenty years. And the French army was avenging him!

Then to his consternation came the news of the retreat from captured Mulhausen. Those glorious comrades who were avenging him were falling back. One by one they relinquished the hard and gallantly won towns that had been lost in 1870. Back they came to French soil; still back—and back!

One day he awoke to find that his étape bureau was the end of the line. The troop trains came as far as his station and there stopped. He was astonished to find that he was overjoyed. Guiltily he upbraided himself for finding joy in the reverses of France. Yet he could not resist the hope which beat upon him now that he might get into action. If the action beat back upon him he might beat back into it.

Each hour he was fearful that an order might come sending him farther to the rear; he had a horror of becoming any part of a "masterly retreat." "A Frenchman can only go forward," had been his shibboleth always.

FOR two days there had been no trains from the south. Everything was moving back. Then one afternoon the movement began the other way, toward the north, toward Alsace. It came in the form of three trains bearing reinforcements to support the right wing and help in holding it.

Croupard read the order of transfer. It was signed, "Moine, Major General." He was in the train dispatcher's watch-tower when the head train drew in. He saw the commanding officer step to the platform, and recognized his old "friend," Moine, corpulent, pompous, bearing the epaulets of a major general.

Now for the first time Croupard was

consumed with a personal hatred. It seemed as if the sight of Moini filled him with bitterness and malice which for more than twenty years in Spain he had put aside.

He realized that but for Moini's testimony he would now be not in a train dispatcher's tower, but at the head of troops, for at the time of his court-martial he had been Moini's senior. In fact, there were but seven active officers in the army who outranked him. Had it not been for Moini, he would now be a leader of French leaders, as his grand-sire had been under Napoleon.

Keeping out of sight, he watched Moini ride off in a motor car, followed by his troops. The outposts were only twenty miles away—when the wind was right Croupard from his position could hear the firing of the mitrailleuses.

Two days later the Germans began a massed attack on the front which General Moini had been called to reinforce in the very nick of time. The Germans came on in columns of fours, marching close together. The mitrailleuses caught them, mowed them down, and the French pointers stopped to cheer, shouting "Victory!" But as they shouted more Germans poured from a wood beyond. Then more and more.

Killing Germans seemed to be no way to stop them. They seemed to come faster than they could be killed. Two regiments of Moini's division had been told off, one on each side of the main road, with orders to charge with the bayonet only when they could see the spiked helmets of the Germans plainly.

Moini himself got into his motor car and rode to the rear, beyond range of the German artillery. There he waited. The regiment occupying the center was quickly crushed by the oncoming Germans. Then the French side regiments deemed that the time had come for the bayonet charge. They leaped into the fray.

At this some German guns of the four-point-seven variety that had been concealed behind a wood spoke up and began to rake the flanking regiments. It seemed as if the French were surrounded—at any rate, they were enclosed on three sides.

At that moment, without waiting to attempt the extrication of his own troops, three-quarters of whom were threatened with annihilation, General Moini jumped into his motor car, ordered a general retreat, and directed the chauffeur to drive back at top speed.

The car refused to budge. While the chauffeur was on his back underneath the car, trying to find the trouble, a company of uhlans broke from a wood and dashed toward General Moini. He started to run as rapidly as his paunch would permit, but he was overtaken within a few hundred yards, and a German saber ran him through. He lay face down, dead, with a wound in the back.

MEANWHILE the battle had been raging in other parts of an extended front with varying fortune. In places the French advanced; in other places they fell back. An hour before sundown an order came to the etape bureau from the commander in chief directing Major Croupard to move his station twenty miles to the rear.

When it arrived Croupard was already ten miles in advance. Early in the day the wounded who poured through reported to him the French reverses, and as the sun got higher and higher the sound of firing came closer and closer. Shortly after noon he could stand it no longer. He bolted for the front.

Hitherto an obedient soldier, now he was deserting his post. And he was marching toward Germany, not toward Spain.

He overtook the rear guard of Moini's division as the uhlans burst upon them from cover and took them by surprise. An officer, recognizing him as the one in charge of the etape bureau, shouted at him:

"Where are the re-enforcements?" "Coming!" shouted Croupard, brandishing his sword. "Thousands! Thousands of them! Turn back! On! On! Victory!"

The officer passed the word down the line to his men. It put new heart into them. They halted. Croupard asked for the commander of the regiment. He was

gone—perhaps killed; no one knew. He found the senior major.

"Look here," said he. "Orders have come for a general advance. We must go on! Victory!"

The major at once ordered an about-face.

Croupard passed on through the wood where the uhlans had gone. In the grass, half-way through, he stumbled over a corpulent body in the uniform of a general, stabbed in the back. Turning it over, he recognized Moini. He noted the position of the wound. And he smiled gently. He kept on until he came to the

within fifty miles were slowly retreating—they turned about and attacked the Germans with redoubled fury.

This new attack came at a moment when the entire German army felt that the fight was over and that the Kaiser had won. In fact, most of the troops which had opposed Moini had been withdrawn an hour before to strengthen another part of the line, in the belief that the French had no more resistance to offer there.

Thus when Croupard arrived at the head of one practically fresh regiment, and with three others which, though par-

through the leg. Croupard saw that he was promptly cared for, and a short time later went to him. More than before, the eyes and the smile haunted him.

"Your name?" asked Croupard. "For you have rendered it illustrious."

"Moini," replied the stricken youth.

"Dieu!" exclaimed Croupard. "The same as the general of this division!"

"He is my father," replied the youth proudly.

"Was," said Croupard, watching him narrowly.

Seeing the pain and dismay come into the boy's face, he suddenly realized that the death of Moini, which was to him a satisfaction, would be to the son a bitter desolation.

At that moment Croupard's scheme of revenge began to ooze out of his boots. He had been looking forward with fine satisfaction to reporting Moini's death "from a saber wound in the back while retreating uselessly."

But now the boy asked him calmly: "How did my father die?"

"As a Frenchman should," said Croupard.

"Fighting?"

"Yes. Leading his troops."

"Of course," responded the boy, with a trace of impatience. "But when was it? Before he knew of the re-enforcements?"

"As I was bringing the news of their coming," said Croupard.

The boy winced with the pain of his wound. He turned over.

"Mother will be so proud," he muttered into his pillow. Thence, with his head concealed, the tears could come forth without being seen.

A week after the battle, which was the first the French had won, Croupard stood before the commander in chief.

"It is my duty," said the austere generalissimo gravely, "to relieve you of your command of the etape bureau below Verdun, to reprimand you for deserting your post, and to add to that an official rebuke for delivering to an officer in the field an erroneous dispatch, purporting to come from headquarters. These are serious derelictions for a soldier, and I need not point out to you that under ordinary circumstances they would merit dismissal from the service without honor."

Croupard held his chin down in submission.

"At the same time," continued the generalissimo with a slight twinkle in his eye, "I find I have a certain privilege under the new articles of war that gives me the right to advance to any rank I choose on the field of battle officers who may in my judgment deserve such honor. I therefore appoint you major general for the period of this war, and assign you to service in the place of General Moini, deceased."

Croupard held up his head and saluted. Then he turned to go. The generalissimo halted him.

"Pardon, comrade," he said, speaking like one soldier to another, "if I offer you a bit of advice. It is this: Do not in the future imagine re-enforcements; wait for them. That is all. Good day, and good luck."

Croupard went direct to Lieutenant Moini. After the news had been told the two clasped hands in silence. Finally young Moini said:

"I must write my mother. She will be so glad!"

"Does your mother know about me?"

"I have written all about you."

Croupard hesitated. Finally he found courage to ask the question.

"Tell me," he queried gently, "are her eyes the same color as yours?"

"Yes. Indeed, yes."

There was a silence, during which Croupard gained control of his emotions.

"Would you like to see her picture? I have it here," continued the boy.

He drew forth a tiny locket, pressed the spring, and handed the photograph to the new general of division.

With a tremendous effort Croupard restrained himself. At length he trusted himself to ask:

"What is her name?"

"Heloise," said the boy.

New Croupard gave way. He dropped his head into the bed clothes, convulsed with sobs.



Could it be? Why were those troops being drawn up at attention before the barracks—at this time in the afternoon?

one reserve regiment, which he found just starting on the retreat.

"No!" he said to the colonel in command. "I have just come from the etape bureau to tell you the order is now to advance. Re-enforcements are coming."

"My messengers are gone. I had to come myself. Forward! Victory!"

They turned about. At the first volley from the Germans the colonel fell. The lieutenant colonel jumped to the front and ordered a charge by bayonet. A hundred yards farther and he fell. Croupard looked about. There were no majors in sight.

A captain came to him, touched his cap, and said deferentially:

"What next, major?"

"Charge by platoons, fixed bayonets, into that wood," said Croupard.

The spirit of authority pervaded him to such an extent that every officer and man within sight instinctively turned to him for leadership.

With drawn sword he led the way. Midway through the wood they clashed with the uhlans, but because of the trees and foliage and the unevenness of the ground, they possessed a great advantage over horsemen. The uhlans quickly became demoralized. In fact, perceiving an easy victory, they had far exceeded their orders by going beyond the point planned for their advance.

Croupard cut them off, and the men behind him slaughtered them until the few hundred remaining surrendered. But Croupard did not stay. He hastened on.

By this time the two flanking regiments which had been routed before Moini was killed had heard the word brought by Croupard that re-enforcements were on the way. Inspired by this belief—although all the French forces

tially gone, were newly awakened with the idea of re-enforcements behind them and of victory ahead, he experienced very little resistance.

In short order he broke through the German center; then turned to harass the flank, which was moving down on the neighboring French army. As he gave the order to advance again the color-bearer fell, and no one appearing to pick up the flag, it was seized by a fair haired young sous lieutenant, who bore it aloft at Croupard's side, at the head of the troops.

Croupard felt drawn with an overwhelming sympathy toward this young officer. Something about his eyes seemed familiar—or was it his smile? He had no time to reflect, for the business of battle demanded all of him just then.

CLOSING in on the German flank with the cry that more French were coming up—although there were none—Croupard's command created dreadful havoc. Three, four, five miles they drove the Germans back.

News of this sudden French change of front sped along the French line for fifty miles, like an ether-wave across the ocean. Instantly the entire army—a million men—were heartened as with a victory. No more did they give as they had been giving all that afternoon. When night fell the French were on the offensive for the first time.

Just as the sun went down Croupard called a halt. At that moment the sous lieutenant, who had been marching at his side bearing the flag, fell, shot